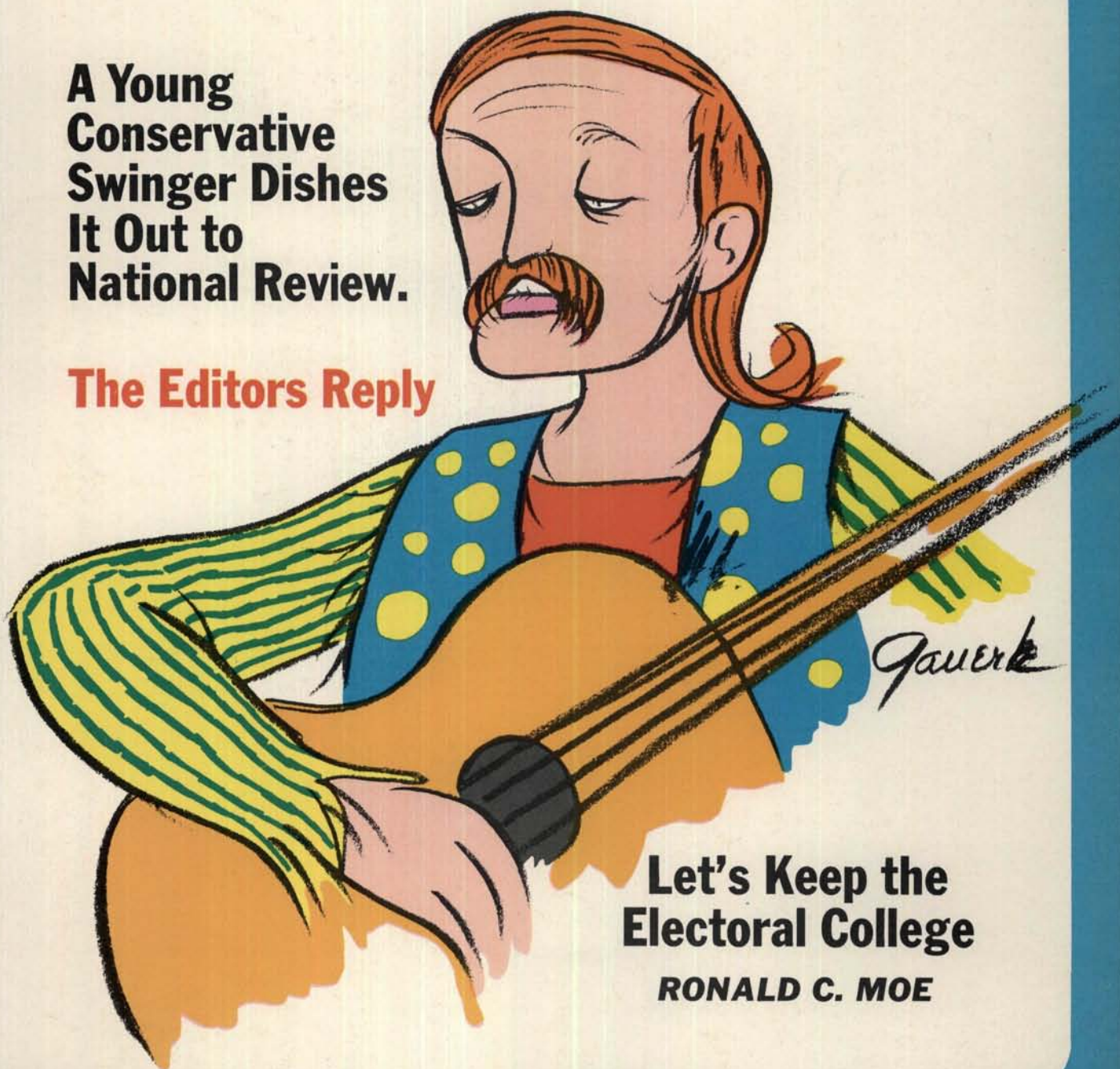


**WHO'S AFRAID
OF RADIATION?** (see page 361)

NATIONAL REVIEW

**A Young
Conservative
Swinger Dishes
It Out to
National Review.**

The Editors Reply



**Let's Keep the
Electoral College**

RONALD C. MOE



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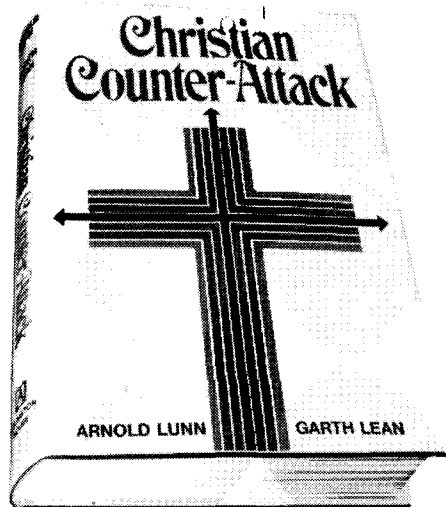
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At long last: a Protestant-Catholic book based on faith—rather than the lack of it.

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by Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean

Special Preface by Sir Arnold Lunn • Introduction • Index • A Selection of the Conservative Book Club.

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- The difference between moral and immoral ecumenism.

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SIR ARNOLD LUNN is a leading Catholic layman and conservative. Born in England in 1888, he has written more than 50 books and has won equal fame as a mountaineer, editor, lecturer and wit. Sir Arnold is the only living person to have invented an Olympic event (the Downhill Slalom), and is considered by many as the founder of organized sports. As the *London Sunday Times* put it when they named him one of the 1000 Makers of the 20th Century, "his love of God, mountains, and fair play has made him great."

GARTH LEAN is an Episcopalian married to a Methodist. After preparatory school in Wales, where he was born in 1912, Mr. Lean took his M.A. in law at Oxford's Worcester college. For the past four years, he has been principal political columnist for the British magazine, *Time and Tide*. A previous collaborator with Sir Arnold in *The New Morality* and *The Cult of Softness*, Mr. Lean has traveled widely in the United States.

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- The pro-pot lobby. Is marijuana really safer than a martini?
- How to argue with atheists.
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- The case for the Resurrection.
- Flower children who pack knives and guns.
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Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean remind us that it doesn't have to be. We don't have to settle for a country whose standards are set by Earl Warren and Hugh Hefner . . . by Timothy Leary and the ACLU and the SDS.

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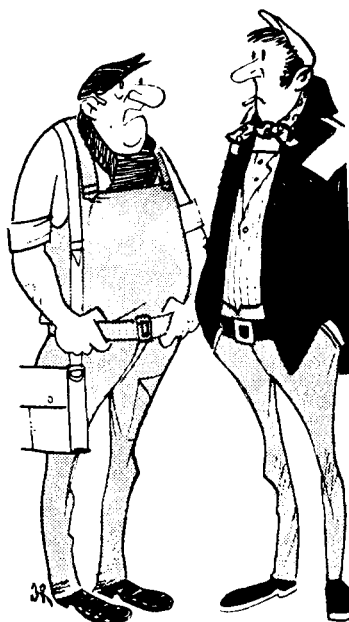
FOR THE RECORD

■ **Stokely Carmichael** (welcome home!) and wife **Miriam Makeba** jetted to New York's Town Hall, where Stokely happily predicted "a long hard struggle—the bloodiest revolution in history." . . . **Eldridge Cleaver**, writing from Algiers, calls for an all-out "race war." Word in **Black Panther** circles is that Cleaver's on his way back to put the Panther Party together again. **David Hilliard**, current leader (on record as calling for the murder of **Richard Nixon**), not considered bright enough for the job. . . . Black Panthers meeting at **Malcolm X Community College** in Chicago announce they'll present mass petition to the **UN** charging that the U.S. commits "crimes of genocide against black people." . . . In **Gary** not-so-militant black Mayor **Richard G. Hatcher**, who won election by campaigning against white slumlords, exposed as part-owner of a tenement in Gary's Negro slum.

■ Conservative organizations continue to proliferate. Newest is **American Council for World Freedom**, led by **John Fisher**, **Dr. Walter Judd**, **Dr. Stefan Possony**, **Lee Edwards** and the Rev. **Daniel Lyons S.J.** . . . Also new: the **Charles Edison Youth Fund**, headed by **David Jones**, former **YAF** leader. Edison Youth Fund will hold summer seminars at Georgetown University and raise money for college scholarships for conservatives. . . . And it doesn't always take an organization—one man alone can sometimes swing it. At **Columbia** **SDS**ers tried to occupy Professor **Harold Barger's** office. **Vincent Rigdon**, 19-year-old **YAF** leader, put his back to door and chased them off.

■ Good old irrepressible **Abbie Hoffman** offered \$100,000 to Judge **Julius Hoffman** to play himself in Abbie's Chicago Seven conspiracy trial movie. The Judge refused, so Yippie Hoffman now wants **Groucho Marx**. . . . New Left student cane cutters for **Castro** re-

portedly considering wiping out entire American village to atone for **Mylai**. . . . **SDS** Weathermen discussing a "Kill Your Parents Week." . . . Militant Women's Liberation Leaguers sat in at editorial offices of *Ladies' Home Journal* to demand that editor in chief **John Mack Carter** fire himself and hire a woman to replace him. . . . Women's Lib very big at **Berkeley**, where they karated two **SDS**ers for calling them squaws. Both in **Cowell Hospital**. . . . Measure of the ladies' desperation: **National Council on Alcoholism** reports there are now as many female drunks as male. Ten years ago men led five to one. You've come a long way, baby.



Jon, *London Daily Mail*

Ben Roth Agency

"But after 28 days cooling off
we won't remember what
we're going on strike for."

■ **Playboy**, **Doubleday** and **Grove Press** bidding for smuggled-out Soviet pornographic comic strip, *The Adventures of Supergirl Oktyabrina*. . . . **Danes** held another sex show, this one featuring actress **Jette Sode** doing her

thing publicly twice a day. Despite live copulation, show wasn't a sexcess. . . . Britain's probable **Common Market** entry has set off language war. French want French the common language, but other members think English commoner. Germans put in a bid for their tongue, but withdrew it when **Hugo Moser** of the Mannheim Language Institute tried to simplify some words. Example: word "treatises" came out "vereinfachungsbestrebungen." . . . Rumor from France that bad feeling builds between **Georges Pompidou** and Premier **Jacques Chaban-Delmas**. Pompidou believes the personable premier gets too much press exposure.

■ Capitol Hill insiders explain Senator **Abraham Ribicoff's** support of the **Stennis** Amendment this way: President Nixon will soon have another **Supreme Court** seat to fill; Ribicoff would be a likely choice if he can make himself acceptable to conservative Republicans. Therefore. . . **Hunter Pitts O'Dell** turns up again, this time as advance man for **Ralph Abernathy**. **Martin Luther King** once fired O'Dell from Southern Christian Leadership Conference when tipped by columnist **Joseph Alsop** that he was "the genuine Communist article." . . . Hottest rumor out of Washington is that **Robert Williams**, former President of the Black Republic of New Africa and now lately Peking resident, will testify before the **Senate Internal Security Subcommittee** (what stories he could tell!). . . . **Jess Unruh** being badly squeezed between **Sam Yorty** and **Ronald Reagan** in California's gubernatorial crunch. Reagan already firing broadsides: "When you remember him [Unruh] being leader of the Assembly, it's easy to understand the Egyptians worshipping an insect."

■ In **Corte, Corsica**, residents cast 9,647 votes for a new town council. There are 4,303 voters in Corte.

Adam Smith Warned You: Inflation Always Leads To Crisis.

"When national debts have once been accumulated to a certain degree, there is scarce, I believe, a single instance of their having been fairly and completely paid. The liberation of the public revenue, if it has been brought about at all, has always been brought about by a bankruptcy."—THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

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- to face a general business recession?

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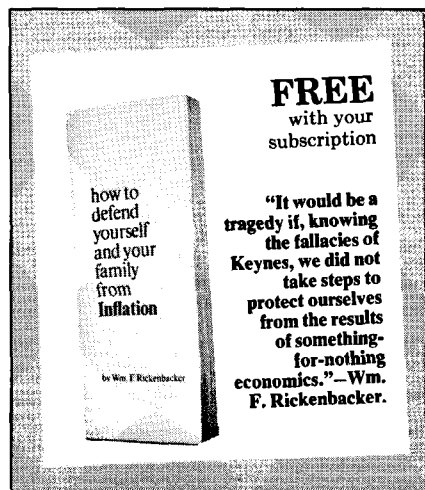
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NR-14

LETTERS

What about the USA?

As I read Mr. Tibor Szamuely's thesis ["Are Things Really Improving in the USSR?," March 10], the USSR has not changed in its essentials, is not in a state of transition as so many want to believe, but has stabilized and could go on as is indefinitely. Very interesting. And, if valid, scary, because if one uses the same yardstick on the United States, the result is much the same.

The government bureaucracy dominated by the Democrats for more than thirty years has become monstrously swollen on its steady diet of socialism. The more obvious symptoms of indigestion are easily treated by the Supreme Court with doses of "social" justice, or by the Congress through appropriations to establish more bureaus to help sick bureaus.

I think this country would choke on any bad-tasting prescriptions which included limited government and individual responsibility. People have become so conditioned to swallowing quack cure-alls that they don't even know what ails them, poor things. They just know they feel bad.

MRS. GERALD F. KANN

Fairview Park, Ohio

Decline of the Schools

As a recent graduate of a Los Angeles high school, I am struck by the stark reality embodied in Russell Kirk's warning of "calamity" in public schooling once the militant unions hold sway ["Teachers Who Won't Be Dragooned," March 10].

After a one-day walkout staged by close to 90 per cent of the teachers at my school, an obvious erosion of authority could be observed. Classes could not be held because the halls were jam-packed with "students" having no intention of studying. These teachers who sought to restore order were met with abuse. Why? Why should someone who flouted the law be respected by anyone, especially an adolescent?

One of the walkout leaders later told me that he thought all teachers deserved all-expense-paid round trips to Europe, "to broaden our educational outlooks."

Los Angeles, Calif. LAWRENCE M. POLON

Does life exist in (on?) NATIONAL REVIEW as it does on earth? I am compelled to ask this after reading "Integration: Morning After" [March 10].

I don't know where your vantage point is or if you're talking about something or somewhere else, but all the schools I am reading about are being forced-integrated

and the kids are being madly bused to insure integration as much as (in one part of my state, more than) before. I listened to Mr. Allen (the well-known "Mr. Busing" of your city) speak on the wireless recently, during which he made the completely chilling remark: "No child in this country will attend school in racial isolation."

Howcum your remark that all this "seems to be grinding to a halt"? As a high school counselor, I am in the middle of the results of integration, and I'm not too convinced that the youngsters for whom, ostensibly or allegedly, it is being done are being benefited in any large measure. And judging by the chaos born in other areas the situation is bad and is destined to become worse. For forced integration is continuing apace. Because of Mr. Allen and Mr. Finch, of course, but mainly because of Mr. Nixon.

Wilmington, N.C. WESTCOTT CLINTON

Hope Amid the Garbage

It seems unfortunate that after pointing out the seriousness of the disposal problem ["Our Effluent Society," Feb. 24], Mr. Outwater painted such a dismal picture of known and possible solutions.

First let's look at incineration. There are many satisfactory municipal incinerators in the world, and research could lead to further improvements. Most failures have resulted from accepting the lowest bid, poor design, poor operation and inadequate maintenance.

Sanitary landfill has been very satisfactory in many parts of the country, Los Angeles being but one example. Rail hauling in sealed containers to remote areas appears quite promising. Our huge deserts, quarries and strip mines might be evaluated for future landfill sites. Simple arithmetic shows that one square mile filled to a depth of five hundred feet would contain more than all the household refuse generated in the U.S. in one year! Composting appears promising for agricultural wastes if utilization can be developed.

We do need to develop methods of reuse. The most vexing problem is to eliminate littering our cities and countryside with waste.

San Rafael, Calif. HERBERT JOHNSON

Bellow, Saul or Paul?

That a magazine that devotes itself so effectively to shooting down the flying saucers of contemporary humanoid utopianism would allow a reviewer like John Braine (whatever the desirability of his

recent ideological conversion) crudely to attack the most eloquent novel of disillusioned modernism since Trilling's *Middle of the Journey* is incomprehensible to this disillusioned reader. I refer, of course, to his review of Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet* in your March 10 issue.

Braine's chief target appears to be the conformism of Bellow in churning out another Family novel of the New York intellectual jet-set variety. How far away from the truth can he stay? Has he read the book? Contrary to conformism, the book cost Bellow immeasurable reserves of literary courage. Bellow—like Trilling, like Barzun, like Krutch, like a half-dozen other brilliant and sound old liberals—is on the threshold of declaring a marvelous new vision far more favorable to the conservatives of this world than to their opponents. Indeed *Mr. Sammler's Planet* is an effective and penetrating attack (on one of its prominent levels) on the ethos of the Family, its sexual ideology, its youth culture, its sophisticated divorce from the natural world, from the great intellectual tradition of Western Europe. This is all accomplished in an American novel displaying the most nervous and athletic style since the best of William Faulkner. Does NATIONAL REVIEW, via its cultural bureaus, really want to downgrade a literary effort of this complexion and magnitude?

Moscow, Idaho

GEORGE KELLOGG

Corliss Corrects

Arthur Lennig, in his letter in the March 10 issue, objects to my listing of Rupert Julian as the dominant personality in *Merry-Go-Round*, a 1922 film I cited in my year's-end Film Chronicle [Feb. 10]. Although Erich von Stroheim wrote a script for the film and directed a portion of his script, most of the Stroheim footage was scrapped in the final version as directed by Rupert Julian partly from Stroheim's script and partly from his own. Herman G. Weinberg, a partisan of Stroheim's, doesn't dispute Julian's statement that "the film, with the exception of approximately six hundred feet at the beginning, was directed by me." (The film was ten reels long, or about four thousand feet.)

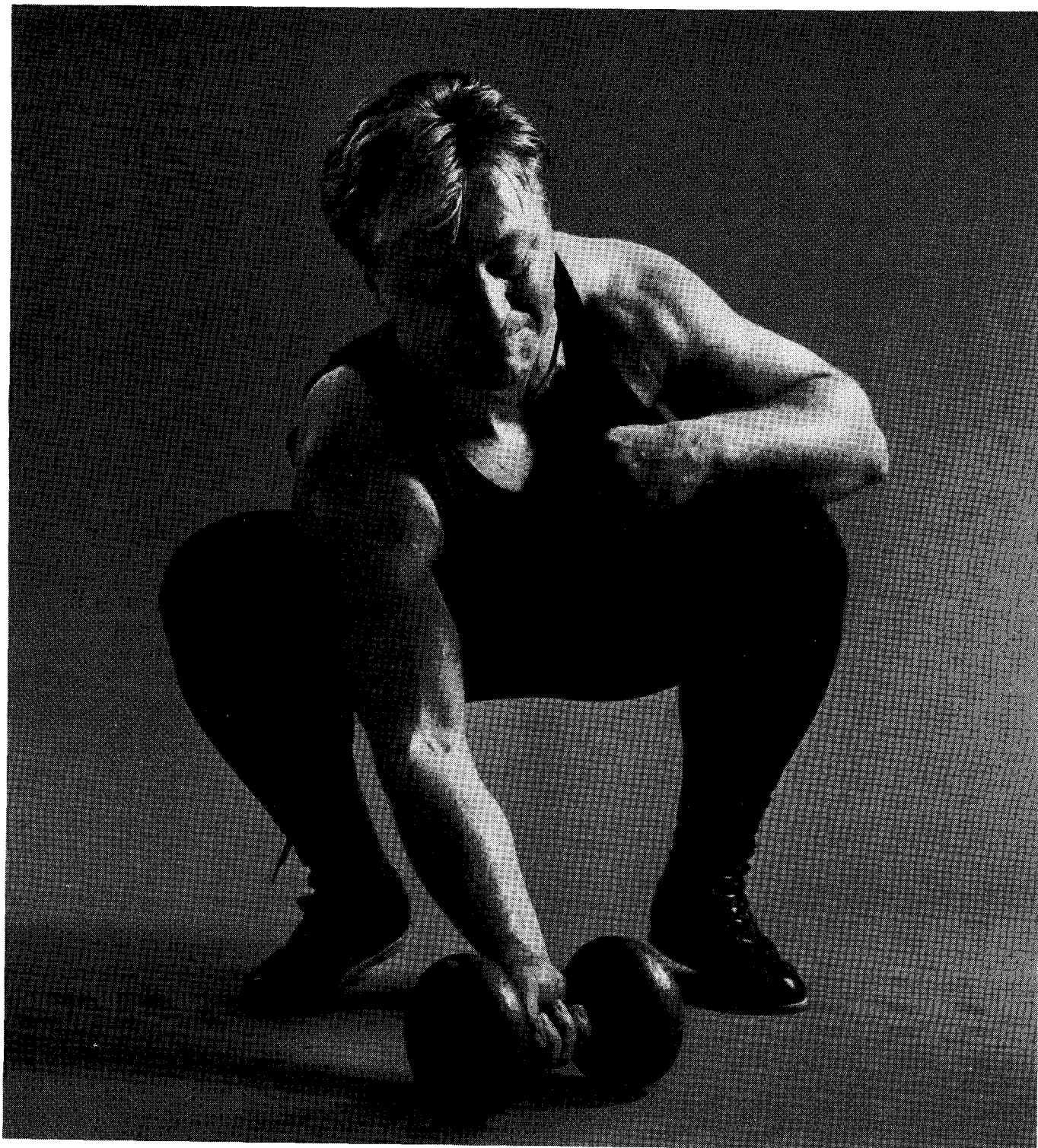
I don't subscribe to the *auteur* tendency to catalogue directors as "genius" and "hack": The Hollywood film is generally too complex a mechanism to be assembled by one man. *Merry-Go-Round* is very likely Rupert Julian's only film of genius. Professor Lennig to the contrary notwithstanding, history has "proved" little about Stroheim, except perhaps that he put his genius into the creation of his legendary reputation, and only talent into his films.

New York, N.Y.

RICHARD CORLISS

Oops . . .

I had always thought the NATIONAL REVIEW was a conservative magazine, but to show
(Continues on page 373)



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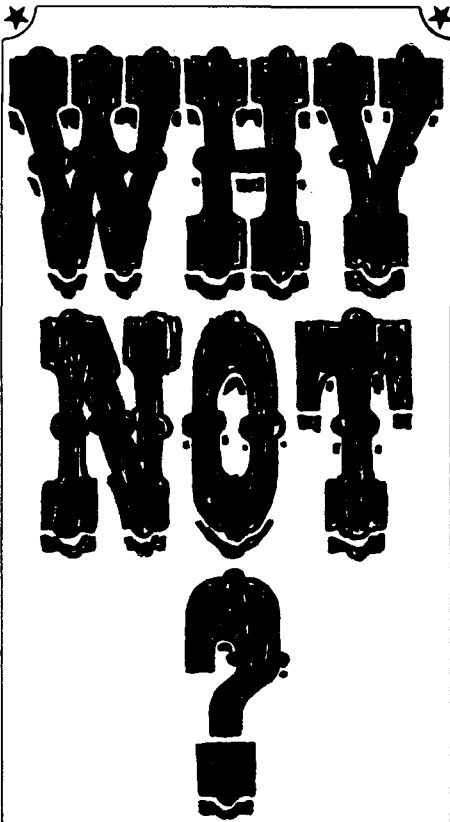
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*

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Foreign Contributors: ANTHONY LEJEUNE, *London* □ E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, *Munich*
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Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN □ *Production Editor:* VICTORIA WEHMEIER

Promotion Manager: EDWARD A. CAPANO □ *Circulation Manager:* H. HALDANE HILL

Advertising Director: PATRICK D. MAINES

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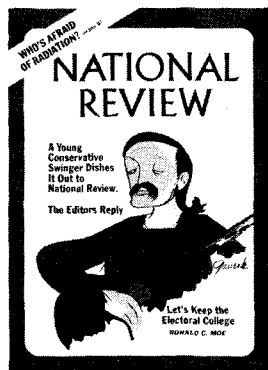
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IN THIS ISSUE



■ Our Notes and Asides section has grown gigantically this week. It all began with a letter to our editor in chief from **Tom McSloy**, an under-30 subscriber. Mr. McSloy believes *NR* to be suffering from hardening of the arteries and urges us to get with it. The criticism stirred the arteries of our senior editors and our publisher, all of whom reply at length. The response probably will not pacify Mr. McSloy. But given the current mail situation, he may have joined the over-30 generation by the time he receives this issue. . . . The move to junk the Electoral College will soon be debated on the Senate floor. If we decide to abolish it, warns **Ronald C. Moe**, Professor of Political Science at San Diego State College, we also in all likelihood will abolish our two-party system in favor of a multiparty ideologized system. . . . **Anthony Harrigan**, Associate Editor of the *Charleston News and Courier* and author of numerous books on international and military affairs, files his second report on the U.S.-Soviet SALT talks. Mr. Harrigan's first dispatch appeared in our December 30 issue. . . . **Dr. Theodore R. Bledsoe** sets out to treat the hysteria generated by a rash of radiation scare stories. Dr. Bledsoe practices diagnostic radiology in Bethesda, Maryland. . . . **J. D. Futch**, Associate Professor of History at Washington and Lee University, writes from Rome on the turbulent Italian political scene. . . . **James Burnham** analyzes the chaotic situation in Southeast Asia and wonders whether the President's Vietnamization policy can handle it. **Frank Meyer** hauls up the heavy artillery in an attempt to finish off Dr. Zoll. . . . **Nika Hazelton** dines in two very expensive restaurants and pronounces the food worth the price. . . . and **Cato**, finding the Republic once again in peril, takes up his pen to report from the Potomac.

■ **Jeffrey Hart**, Professor of English at Dartmouth, reviews four more on the kids. Mr. Hart, in addition to his duties as a teacher and his pleasure as a senior editor of *NR*, is working on three books, one a biography of Richard Nixon, the second a study of eighteenth-century poetry, and the third an analysis of contemporary literature. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** discusses the biography of Wellington by Elizabeth Longford. . . . **Geoffrey Wagner** is Associate Professor of English at City College of New York and author of over twenty books. The latest is *On the Wisdom of Words* (Van Nostrand). Mr. Wagner also shares a semantics text with S. I. Hayakawa. . . . **Richard Corliss**, who contributes film reviews to the *New York Times* as well as to *NR*, looks at two collections by lady movie critics. . . . *Coco* won't make you renounce *Kiss Me Kate*, says **Priscilla L. Buckley**, but Kate Hepburn herself is well worth the price of admission.



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THE WEEK

■ No mail strike that leaves John Lindsay at a loss for platitudes can be all bad.

■ The trial of the Panther Thirteen is stalled—perhaps forever. Pretrial hearings were halted back in February when the defendants refused to behave. Judge John Murtagh said things could get underway as soon as the defendants signed good-behavior pledges. They declined, and demanded that their bail be reduced. The Judge said nope, nobody gets out of jail regardless of how much he pays, until he signs the pledge. No way, said the defendants. Now the prosecution is petitioning for a resumption—and offering to spend \$6,000 on closed-circuit TV gear to be used if defendants again misbehave. That raises all sorts of complicated legal questions about the right to confront witnesses and such. But then the whole mess raises questions about a defendant's Sixth Amendment right to a speedy trial (presumably, even if he doesn't want one). Poor Judge Murtagh—what's a fascist-pig to do?

■ Who founded the Military-Industrial Complex? Franklin D. Roosevelt, some say (only he called it the "Arsenal of Democracy"). Wrong, says Professor Paul A. C. Koistinen—it was Woodrow "Make-the-World-Safe-for-Democracy" Wilson with his War Industries Board, back in 1917. We don't blame it on Democrats—we still think Sigmund Freud did it.

■ Some fascinating figures from Massachusetts. According to a state regional welfare office, the family of four on the Aid for Dependent Children program enjoys a standard of living \$1,275 a year higher than a family of the same size supported by an average wage-earner. Including fringe benefits—free medical and dental care, tax relief, subsidized rent and mortgage payments, special insurance breaks—the family of four on welfare receives the equivalent of \$7,671.55 a year. The average wage-earner's family gets \$6,396.00. The same family making the minimum wage would earn \$3,328.00. And next year state commissioner Robert Ott wants to raise the dole by \$1,200.

■ And the score after two chukkers is Narcs 3, Heads 1. Recapping the highlights, the Narcs took an early lead by stopping a Los Angeles couple out walking their kangaroo and finding marijuana in their possession. The Narcs quickly added another score when they observed a Chicago short order cook charging \$50 for a hot dog; the red hots contained an un-Naderly ingredient, heroin. Back in L.A., the Heads cut the Narc lead to one when a pot possession conviction, based on finding drugs in

a baby's diapers, was held unconstitutional. Then, with only seconds to play, the Narcs found 95 pounds of marijuana in a shipment of boa constrictors at Port Miami. You can bet that the Head coach, as it were, is giving his outgunned but always game squad a real pep talk. The Narcs ooze confidence, despite rumors that several of their players had been kicked off the team for smoking. "With our new no-knock strategy," said the Narc team captain, "we can grab the pot before they can chukker." Stay tuned.

■ The Confessions of Daniel Bell, though we doubt he realizes it *is* a confession: The following paragraph occurs in a recent essay by Columbia sociologist Daniel Bell, "Columbia and the New Left," which appears in the volume *Confrontation*. Read it. Then read it again: "The ethos of an institution embodies its legitimations, and the ethos of Columbia is liberalism. There is complete academic freedom. A teacher, even assistants and preceptors, teaches his own courses without any interference, and gives a staff course in his own way without supervision. To my knowledge, no administrator or departmental chairman has ever dropped into a man's course to 'observe' his teaching. Most of the faculty is, politically, liberal. The men who give Columbia its reputation—Lionel Trilling, Meyer Schapiro, Ernest Nagel, Richard Hofstadter—have been in the forefront of liberal causes for more than thirty years. A number of Columbia's leading political scientists and law professors—Roger Hilsman, Zbigniew Brezinski, Richard Gardner, Charles Frankel, William Cary, Wallace Sayre—have served in recent Democratic Administrations. In the year and a half before April 23, 1968, a group of ten leading professors, led by Fritz Stern, the historian, and including Vice President Truman, had worked actively to reverse the nation's Vietnam policy. In the college and the graduate faculties, a Republican is a rarity. A poll revealed that 70 per cent of the faculty favored withdrawal from Vietnam before President Johnson's statement."

■ A stout blow has been struck at the University of Pennsylvania, for what we are not sure. Following a campus-wide referendum, the Hillel Foundation voted to make its building a sanctuary for deserters and draft resisters—with the stipulation that "there shall be no resistance, violent or nonviolent, to the entry and function of law-enforcement officials."

■ Stephen B. Elrick is one of the 1,850 lawyers paid by the Office of Economic Opportunity to provide legal assistance to poor people. Claude Hinman is principal of the elementary school in Church Rock, New Mexico (enrollment 99 per cent Indian). The other day, reports Willard Edwards of the *Chicago Tribune*, Elrick wrote to Hinman, saying if "balance" is not restored to school programs, "I shall take whatever steps I can to investigate the matter myself and, if necessary, institute legal proceedings." The particulars? Well, Hinman approved a program meant to give the children "an awareness

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of the greatness of their country." "They ought," said Elrick, "to have an awareness of the faults and errors of their country as well. It is especially appalling that Indian children are being forced to participate in this program, when it is their people who have been treated most shabbily in the United States." And a teacher had said publicly that children should be taught to be loyal to their country. "A sorry philosophy," wrote Elrick—a public school should "be dedicated to . . . the presentation of all sides of disputed issues." He went on: "I find it particularly offensive that you are apparently associating 'patriotism' with support of the war in Vietnam which is unquestionably the most controversial war of our time and, in the opinion of many, the most brutal and unjustified." Finally, one of the schoolchildren had scrawled "God Bless America" on a bulletin board. "It is deplorable for you to stimulate the expression of what is, in effect, a prayer in violation of the Supreme Court's ruling that public schools are to refrain from such activities." At least one senator wants Elrick fired. We want him horsewhipped.

■ Whatever happened to the report on that inquest at Chappaquiddick?

■ Give That Man a Diploma Dept.: Irving Kristol, co-editor of *The Public Interest* and professor at New York University, surveyed the shambles of academia last week and concluded that "never has one had better cause to appreciate the cogency of William F. Buckley's observation that he would rather be governed by the first two thousand names in the Boston telephone directory than by the Harvard faculty." In an article for the *New York Times Magazine* wondering "What Business Is a University In?" Kristol wrote: "My meaning, stated bluntly, is this: There is no reason to think—there is not the slightest shred of evidence—that the organized, collective intelligence of professors has anything whatsoever to contribute to the solving of our social, economic, political or moral problems." The university community, he suggests, should leave slum housing, the ABM and Vietnam alone and get back to the "one major collective responsibility which it has been shamefully neglecting; this is its responsibility for education."

■ Speaking of atrocities, the Saigon government reports that 4,500 civilians were killed by Vietcong terrorists in 1969. Five times as many were kidnapped and maimed. The nine year total: 32,000 murdered, 129,000 wounded, and sixty thousand kidnapped.

■ In the first British election since the voting age was lowered to 18, the Tories won the parliamentary by-election in Bridgewater with the biggest majority ever recorded there, 11 per cent above the majority they had in the last general election. However, nearly half the increase was drawn from the Liberals; the Labor

candidate somewhat reduced last year's average swing toward the Tories. Both Conservatives and Laborites thus feel happy.

■ A British film producer is in Australia, in search of two hundred aborigines willing to appear in the nude with Vanessa Redgrave. An obvious attempt at mongrelization. Of the aborigines.

Say It With Flowers

What a blessed time it has been! Day after serene day, and not a single mail-order catalog. None of those fundraising letters from dear old Alma Mater, complete with the report of the President on the new Black Studies Department. No bills, not a single bill; and of course no bills to pay, no checks to write, since you couldn't mail them out anyway, could you? None of those supermarket, Woolworth's and Sears' fliers or those weekly letters from your congressman. None of those bargain offers from the oil companies whose credit cards you unguardedly accepted, or the ninth pitch for a new *NR* subscription. All that heavy stream of appeals for the children of displaced Eskimos, the fight against brucellosis, the Save our Mar-moset Committee and the defense of the Brown Pumas, all silenced at the source. No heavy copies of those magazines we imprudently subscribed for, long grown boring—only the journals you want badly enough to go after them at the newsstand. No tickets from the traffic department, no notice an account past due, no summons for an IRS interview. What bliss it was to savor the tranquil pace of a simpler, peaceful age!

But even a mail strike must someday end—or so we perhaps uncautiously assume at this still mail-less moment of inditing. And recollected in tranquility, we must doubtless agree that for all its passing charms a mail strike, like nuclear war, is unthinkable, or was. Quite apart from its illegality, its cost is simply too vast, and in considerable and expanding part irrecoverable. The money cost alone is enormous—in the billions, undoubtedly, measured by the total results of even a few mail-less days—but there are many other sorts of costs less measurable: medical tests, diagnoses, medicines interrupted; appointments forever missed; a myriad legal snarls from lost deadlines; deathbeds left unattended; soldiers dying with-

Crazy Like a Fox

As I smilingly approve
Every crafty Nixon move,
Shall I place him on a par
With that master, FDR?

W. H. VON DREELE



Waite, *The Sun*, London

Ben Roth Agency

"We're going to the theatre."

out the letters from home; tens of thousands of communications of who-will-ever-know-what gone forever in the strike's accumulated debris.

The mail strike re-emphasizes on a maximum scale what has been repeatedly shown in recent years by such other strikes as those of urban transport workers, garbage men, hospital workers and telephone technicians, and by the electricity blackouts. The internal structure of our society is now so intricately intra-related that it has become, as a whole, far more vulnerable than societies, such as ours was and many still are, that are more decentralized, more casually linked together. In looser systems the repercussions of a blow at any one sector or sub-system are dampened; most of the other parts of the system, and the system as a whole, are unaffected. But our entire system reels at a blow to any of a dozen components less sensitive than the mails.

This techno-economic fact deserves deeper rumination than has so far been devoted to it. Does it signify that a society like ours must put some restriction on "the right to strike" which we have come to regard as among the basic liberties of a democracy? Of course, in law the right to strike has all along been restricted; it was not legally possessed by the postal employees, as it is not by other federal employees or by many of the civil servants in state and municipal employ. But, a) the traditional ground for the restriction was not the nature of the techno-economic system but the prerogatives of sovereignty and b) anyway these laws are a joke, as everyone knows, and if they didn't know, they should have learned it, as the postal workers did, from the New York teachers. But the structural imperative does not depend on any statute or theory of government; it is inherent in the system within which we exist. The question is unavoidable: Can we continue to permit small groups to pursue their special interests through strikes that entail colossal economic and human costs to a nation of two hundred million? To libertarians of both Right and Left, as well as—naturally enough—to the labor movement,

any curtailment of the right to strike, with its connotation of "forced labor," is painful to contemplate. Moreover, as the impotence of the existing restrictive laws proves, it is not at all easy to see how effective curtailment could be brought about. Presumably, the mechanism would include some sort of special impartial tribunals, under the regular courts, which would function in designated fields as the final and binding arbiters of labor disputes that were not resolved by the normal processes of collective bargaining. The mail strike should at least signal that the time has come to think about these matters, and to bring them to public debate.

Meanwhile, the mail strike may also remind us that our monopolistic, politically controlled, nationalized postal system is itself an important reason why the strike has had even more devastating effects that would in all events follow from the role of postal communication. A good deal more is desirable than the Administration's proposal to transform the Post Office into an independent (TVA-type) government corporation. If that corporation is still granted monopoly privileges along present lines, it won't mean much of an advance in communications flexibility. There should be encouragement, not braking, of the free development of the whole range of electronic and computerized devices that have the potential of immensely improving our ways of communicating, and lessening our frustrating dependence on any single institution.

Mylai II

On a cold March afternoon, General Samuel W. Koster, superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy, stood on the stone balcony in the mess hall and told his 3,700 cadets that he was resigning his command in order to protect them and the Academy from any involvement in the forthcoming proceedings arising out of the Mylai incident. "I wish to say," he observed to the cadets, "that throughout my military career the cherished principles of our motto—Duty, Honor, Country—have served as a constant guide to me. I shall continue to follow these principles as long as I live." Pointing out that proceedings had been initiated against him, he said that "I have therefore requested reassignment in order to separate the Military Academy and you of the corps from the continuing flow of public announcements or any other connection with the alleged events which took place in Vietnam involving elements of my former command." When he concluded his brief statement the cadets gave him a ninety-second standing ovation.

The charges drawn up against General Koster and thirteen other officers by the Army investigating panel inevitably give rise to the suspicion that the careers of valuable senior officers are only too likely to be sacrificed to the exigencies of public relations. Nothing in Koster's record suggests that he has been anything but an exemplary commander. In the field, he had the reputation of being notably considerate of civilians, including Vietcong

civilians. Otherwise he has been a widely respected officer and a thorough professional. At West Point, he has been a popular and effective superintendent. Though the report of the investigating committee is heavily censored, the accusations against Koster and the other officers appear to be of a largely negative character: that an adequate investigation of the alleged massacre did not take place, and that reports of misconduct in the field did not find their way up the chain of command, ultimately to Washington. Essentially, these higher ranking officers are being charged—and publicly smeared in advance of any verdict—for having done what has traditionally been considered a primary duty of the good commander: to stand by his men.

Without in any way condoning atrocities in the field, it remains necessary to recognize that a qualitative existential transition occurs between a moment on the battlefield and the later moment of civilian reflection upon it. In psychological terms, the battlefield is, as Ernest Hemingway said, "another country." Moreover, it now develops that the units engaged at Mylai were green troops, seeing their first action, and seeing it under the conditions of a "People's War," in which the open intention of the enemy involves as many civilians as possible in the fighting.

To make matters worse, the charges against the fourteen officers have been leveled at a time of growing and irrational attack upon the Army and all things military. While the commission of a crime cannot be overlooked, it serves neither the national interest nor the interest of justice for the Army to be pressed into a process of prolonged self-flagellation.

Goldberg Jumps In

Arthur Goldberg's not the most dynamic or appealing politician in town. A little languid, a bit stuffy, with an oratorical style that seems modeled on the mating cry of the wild Canadian Honker. Nevertheless, his entry into New York's gubernatorial race has caused a great splash. And the ripples are spreading.

Goldberg is primarily the candidate of the old regular Democrats, his first endorsements coming from Averell Harriman and FDR Jr. His chumminess with the Old Guard doesn't endear him to the New Politicians, of course, but most of them are expected soon to fall into line, for Goldberg not only assures himself of a sizable upstate vote by courting the Party regulars: He is also a Jew exceedingly popular in the Jewish community, and therefore the odds-on favorite to sweep traditionally Democratic New York City, which is still decisively influenced by Jewish bloc voting. When he gets the endorsement of the Liberal Party, as he will, the New Politics types will support him, for their constituency is primarily Jewish, urban and liberal. All of this is good news for Goldberg. But bad news for Nelson Rockefeller.

Rockefeller can't be counted out yet, of course, for he is a formidable campaigner. But he's lost something over the past year, something which may have been left on the

convention floor in Miami (there is truth in Norman Mailer's description of him at Miami as a "grey old con"). His reign in Albany has seemed especially lackluster recently and his romance with Charles Goodell has won him numerous enemies within his own Party. Thus, the Republican support promises to be less than wildly enthusiastic. And in Goldberg the Democrats have a candidate who can chip away at Rocky's traditional liberal constituency.

If Rockefeller loses, much more will be involved than the defeat of one politician. Although the image is blurry now, Rockefeller still personifies East Coast Riponite liberal Republicanism. He has run with the liberals for over a decade, and his political demise will signal the end of an era. A decade ago liberal Republicans could claim with some plausibility to be the wave of the future; in the Seventies, however, they camp mostly in the Northeast, each election year circling the wagons a bit tighter.

Without Rockefeller the liberal Republicans in New York will be without a leader. And without Rockefeller the New York State Republican Party will surely reorganize. There are dozens of mainstream Republican legislators—Senator John H. Hughes of Syracuse, Senator Earl W. Brydges of Niagara Falls, Senator John Marchi of Staten Island, Assemblyman Perry Duryea of Suffolk County to name a few—ready to fill the leadership vacuum. Senators Javits and Goodell still have influence, of course, but senators from large states often have little influence in local politics, often much less than county chairmen. And there is still John Lindsay, but he is proving the truth of the old cliché about the job of mayor of New York City being a political dead end. Unless he can finagle some sort of deal with Goodell or Goldberg, Lindsay has no place to go.

The thought of Governor Goldberg is not attractive. But the eclipse of Nelson Rockefeller could be. If Rocky is retired and the state Republican Party can swing itself back into the mainstream, Goldberg may not be around for more than one term.



Norris, Vancouver Sun

Ben Roth Agency

"The problems of inflation would be bad enough, but if you had to put up with the government's cure for it . . ."

Memo to: all NR Readers

Re: "Jesus Rediscovered,"
a new book by Malcolm Muggeridge

*By Popular Demand!
(Once more --- Act Now)*

I have just this minute finished it, and I can't resist the urge to recommend it to you. "Jesus Rediscovered" is filled with fascinating images and fast-moving ideas; refreshing opinions and polemical brilliance; witty, eloquent and often moving arguments. You will also find annoying cynicism, exasperating hardheadedness, outrageous simplifications and, throughout, a cleverness that is as hilarious and enjoyable when Muggeridge is championing what you believe as it is maddening when he is saying things that you know you disagree with!

Yes, all in one book. I can't really think of anyone I know who wouldn't enjoy it -- Muggeridge really sets the intellectual juices running: if you are at all interested in God, religion, modern times, ancient times, St. Augustine, Harold Wilson, Tolstoy, "contemporary" morals, ethics, politics, science, technology, the Pill, divorce, etc., etc., etc. -- it's all here and, believe it or not, much more too.

Or so it seems to me, having just put the book down. I do know that this is the first time I have ever asked Bill Buckley's ok to offer you a book that has nothing to do with ... how shall I put it? ... "conventional" political or social topics. Yet in his own inimitable fashion, Muggeridge touches upon just about every conceivable subject, and raises all the worthwhile questions. Here are a few samples:

- "People say that the Bible is a boring book... but they don't say that about Shakespeare, because the people who teach Shakespeare are zealous for Shakespeare."
- "How I envy the historian who, like Gibbon, will look back across the centuries at the hilarious spectacle of Marxist/Christian dialogues attempting to find common ground between the brutal atheism of the Communist Manifesto and the Sermon on the Mount, of pious clergymen attaching themselves to enraged mobs shouting for Black Power..."
- "I suppose every age has its own particular fantasy; ours is science. A seventeenth-century man like Pascal, though himself a mathematician and scientist of genius, found it quite ridiculous that anyone should suppose that rational processes could lead to any ultimate conclusions about life, but easily accepted the authority of the Scriptures. With us it is the other way round."
- "I used to suppose that [the Church], having so valiantly and obstinately defended its citadel against the assaults of a triumphant and vainglorious scientific materialism, would celebrate a well-deserved victory. Instead, to my amazement, just when the attacking forces were about to withdraw in disarray, the citadel's defenders have opened their gates and emerged bearing white flags."
- "Alas, dead or alive, He is still God, and eternity ticks on even though all the clocks have stopped."

But enough. Perhaps I'm wrong; maybe you wouldn't like this kind of thing at all. But for those who do, we depart, just this once, from the "usual" premium to offer you something really different, free with your subscription, as per the card facing this page. Use the card now, though -- when the book supply is used up, that's it.

J.P.M.

In The Nation: Our Kids on West 11th Street

(Note: This week by special arrangement NATIONAL REVIEW is able to present the regular column by Mr. Bom Ticker, the nationally famous pundit. Mr. Ticker is pleased to give us his reflections on the recent explosion on West 11th Street. In composing this column, Mr. Ticker availed himself of some passages in an earlier column by a friend and colleague, Mr. Tom Wicker of the *New York Times*. After all, says Ticker, he and Wicker see eye to eye on most things. Mr. Ticker has put the quotes from Mr. Wicker in italics.)

After Mayor Daley's brute policemen clubbed down American youngsters in the streets, Vice President Humphrey expressed no outrage over this excessive and unjustified resort to raw force but observed piously in his acceptance speech that "violence breeds violence and it cannot be condoned whatever the source." A few days ago, American youngsters blew up a town house, and themselves with it, on West 11th Street in Manhattan. The connection between the explosion on West 11th Street and the Chicago events is obvious. The 11th Street kids had been in Chicago and bore the scars of Daley's clubs. Yet the reaction to the explosion by public figures like Governor Rockefeller, who called for repressive measures, shows no more understanding than Humphrey demonstrated.

The Chicago marchers were trying to tell us something. *These were not Negroes, rioting and burning in the ghetto; there were few black faces among the demonstrators. These were not snipers, looters or terrorists. . . . The Chicago police suggestion that the marchers planned to burn down the Conrad Hilton Hotel is ludicrous. If you want to burn down a hotel, you don't march on it by the thousands, singing peace songs and holding hands. The marchers were political dissidents, many of them radical, most of them idealistic, demonstrably brave, concerned for their country and their fellow men, determined to exercise the right of free speech and free assembly and . . . to have something to say*

WC Problems

Admittedly, I'm looking wan:
A bomb exploded in my john.
It wasn't in my building, but
Concussion's got me in the gut.
Why must the men's room be the place
To blow us into outer space?
If they're determined to go BOOM,
I wish they'd use the ladies' room.

W. H. VON DREELE

about the kind of future they will inherit from the present and the past. The truth is that these were our children in the streets, and the Chicago police beat them up.

Those were our kids on West 11th Street too, and they were trying to tell us something. The police suggestion that they were running a bomb factory and were going to blow up Columbia University is ludicrous. One youngster had actually attended Columbia, and the others had been to the best schools, like Swarthmore and Bryn Mawr. They were political dissidents, many of them radical, most of them idealistic, demonstrably brave. "I'm not afraid to die," Theodore Gold told a friend a few days before he blew himself up. They were concerned for their country and their fellow men, as is shown by the fact that Kathy Boudin has visited both Havana and Hanoi recently. They were determined to exercise the right of free speech and assembly and to tell us something about the future they were going to inherit from the present and the past. The truth is that these were our children in the house on West 11th Street, and they blew themselves up.

If they felt that they had to make bombs, then that is a devastating judgment on the America of Mayor Daley, Richard Nixon, John Mitchell, Spiro Agnew, Judge Julius Hoffman, Robert Welch, Joseph R. McCarthy, Gerard L. K. Smith, J. Edgar Hoover, General Hershey, Curtis LeMay, George Wallace, Judge Murtagh, Ronald Reagan, Lester Maddox, Strom Thurmond and Max Rafferty. Those are the guilty men. Not our kids, who only wanted to make the world a better place for all of us.
—BOM TICKER

George Wallace: Moment of Truth

George Wallace's full-time campaign for the Alabama governorship began with a rush last week, and Wallace frankly avowed that his ambitions are primarily, indeed, exclusively, national. If you want the Wallace movement to continue, he told a Robertsedale, Alabama audience, then it will be necessary for Wallace to defeat incumbent Gov. Albert Brewer in the May 5 Democratic primary. "I want this effort to continue," he said. "The eyes of the country are on you. You have the power in your hand."

Wallace's analysis is correct; he has no political base, and a defeat in the primary would remove him from the scene. But Wallace's destiny is inextricably involved with other important destinies as well. From a conservative standpoint, the Wallace phenomenon has more than one aspect. Wallace is, of course, an undesirable: a flagitious demagogue who, when in office, combined a skilful appeal to populist emotions with egregious welfare statism. But when he is considered as a national presence, the picture becomes more ambiguous. Setting aside the question of whether his candidacy did the greater damage to

Nixon or to Humphrey, a plausible argument can be made that the Wallace presence introduced rightward vectors into the national Republican strategy. At Miami, Nixon knew that he would have to carry the border states: therefore, the nomination of Spiro Agnew, instead of, say, Hatfield or Percy. The themes of the Nixon campaign were designed in the knowledge that the race had to be run not only against Humphrey but also against Wallace; and there can be little doubt that the behavior of the Administration while in office—its Supreme Court nominations, its school integration stance, its attitude toward law enforcement—has been influenced by the knowledge that, whatever the Democrats come up with, Nixon may also be running against Wallace in 1972. If Wallace is defeated and thus sunk on May 5, Nixon will be much freer to prospect leftward for liberal votes. To say this, moreover, is not cynical: Votes are the *sine qua non* of democratic politics, and almost any politician, his right flank secured, will try to occupy the ground to the left. As far as Wallace is now concerned, therefore, the political conclusion is complicated. Wallace's effect on the political process is both dangerous and desirable—but the latter only so long as he can be contained at his 1968 electoral strength.

Wishes Aren't Horses, Dammit!

Great and general rejoicing among the champagne merchants of Vienna! The Americans and Russians are coming—for Round Two of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, which will almost certainly result in an amiable and lengthy exchange of sweet nothings and promises to meet again, sometime, somewhere, unless (which God forbid; see page 360) our side abandons its insistence on close on-site inspection. Elsewhere, preparations for the talks have been grimmer. In the Soviet Union, Marshal Grechko (the assassin of Czechoslovakia) has engaged in public saber-rattling; development of an armed satellite that can search out and destroy our spy satellites has been announced; construction of the missile submarine fleet that will outstrip our own by 1974 has proceeded apace, as has the building of ICBM sites (including dummy ones to confuse us); and—grand finale—missile tests in the Pacific have begun, to include the triple-warhead SS-9, said to be capable of knocking out our Minuteman ICBMs in their silos.

And in the United States? Well, President Nixon revealed plans to add a third ABM site to the two authorized last year, and to do preliminary work on four more; and the Air Force announced that we will deploy a dozen or so MIRVs come June. Whereupon, all hell broke loose. Mike Mansfield screamed bloody murder about the ABM, charging that we were trying to defend ourselves against a "hypothetical" Red Chinese threat (we should wait until it's actual?). Bill Proxmire condemned our ABM (not the Soviet Union's). Edward Brooke called for a U.S.-Soviet "moratorium" on MIRV

testing (means of verification not specified). And so on, and on; the *Leitmotiv* being always that ABM and MIRV will "sabotage the SALT talks." Come on, gentlemen.

Profile in Courage: Ted Sorensen's Finest Hour

On the evening of February 9, William Rusher and Theodore C. Sorensen Jr. appeared together as guests on the Barry Farber radio talk-show. Sorensen was widely known to be about to announce his intention of running in the New York Democratic primary for the senatorial nomination, thus adding his name to the 604 others trying for the opportunity of running against Charles Goodell. As the colloquy began, Mr. Rusher read aloud from an article about Sorensen published in the *New York Times Magazine* in March 1967, in which Mr. Sorensen explained why he could not possibly be a viable candidate for the Senate from New York. This understandably annoyed Mr. Sorensen, who began referring to Rusher, apparently in a spirit of contempt, as "Mr. Busher." Finally, as Rusher continued to read from Sorensen's own 1967 description of his various disabilities as a senatorial candidate, Sorensen blew his mind, and had his finest hour since helping to write Teddy's TV statement on Chappaquiddick.

S. Mr. Busher, you're frustrated, you're bitter, because you represent a point of view that has never succeeded in getting the people of this state behind it. George Wallace represented it, fine. The local Nazi Party represented it, fine. But you have never been able to get either the Democratic Party or the Republican Party to accept the kind of racism and militarism that is preached by your publication. And I fully understand why you are bitter and frustrated and angry and resentful at any moderate politician who may come along. So go right ahead and vent your spleen on me. I understand completely.

R. (to Farber, who is groaning) Let me have this, if I may. Just stand back for a moment.

F. Will somebody first explain the "Busher" reference? I don't know who "Busher" is. I know who Hitler is.

R. I take it that Mr. Sorensen is making this mistake intentionally. (To Sorensen) Is that right?

S. No, I'm sorry; I'm sorry. "Bill Rusher." I thought it was "Rill Busher."

F. Well, who is "Busher"? Why should I be the only illiterate in the house?

S. "Rusher"; I've got it, okay.

R. Well, now that we've got that cleared up, where in my publication, Mr. Sorensen, NATIONAL REVIEW, is racism advocated?

S. I will be glad to get that out for you and send it to you after I've had my librarian check it.

R. You'll be glad to get it out for me and send it to me?

S. I will indeed.

R. Well I'll make a little date with you, Mr. Sorensen—and

Barry knows I keep these things—we'll come back on this program and hear where and when NATIONAL REVIEW advocated racism, and perhaps you can show it to me; and if you can't, at that point I'll call you a liar. Now, Mr. Sorensen, we're going to proceed with another point or two. I don't blame you for being annoyed because I have quoted your own words on your own incapacities and your own unsuitness for the United States Senate.

S. Not in the slightest. I'm only amazed at your inability to understand the point I've been trying to make.

R. I think I understand all the points you've been trying to make, and I expect the audience understands. I don't know that you're qualifying yourself terribly well as the new United States Senator from here. I'll say this. I was on this program—I've forgotten how long ago, it was only a few months ago—with Senator Goodell, and he and I disagreed on everything we could disagree on, including the palatability of the coffee that Barry was serving that evening. But in the entire time, I will say he was a gentleman. He never went in for absurd mispronunciations of my name. He never made wild accusations of racism. And I'll say this, Mr. Sorensen: You may think you've been in New York long enough to be a viable candidate for the United States Senate, but on the basis of your hysterical showing this evening you wouldn't make a viable candidate for dog catcher of New York City.

S. Now it seems to me, Mr. Rusher, *you're* being rather hysterical.

R. Yeah, but I'm not running for the Senate.

S. I don't understand why you're losing your cool. You stood there and made all kinds of charges and all kinds of objections and all kinds of complaints—

R. I've done nothing tonight but quote you.

S.—and when I exercise my right of free speech to defend myself you say it's hysterical.

R. I want to know—I want to know, and we will find out—where and when NATIONAL REVIEW advocated racism. You do want to stick to the charge? You wouldn't want just to withdraw it, would you, by any chance? Because you're going to be required to, if you stick to it. (*Long pause*) Take your time and make up your mind.

S. About what?

R. Do you want to charge that NATIONAL REVIEW has advocated racism?

S. I think the policies supported by NATIONAL REVIEW, and the candidates supported by NATIONAL REVIEW, have not advanced race relations in this country.

R. But that's not quite the same thing. Are we advocating racism, or have we?

S. I just stated my statement.

R. Well, you don't want to restate your previous charge that we advocated racism, and when you go back to your files you're going to prove it?

S. (*Long pause*) I am telling you the position I'm taking.

R. Tell us again, now, what is it? Do we advocate racism or don't we?

S. Well, let me ask you: Do you support the Kerner Commission report?

R. No, I think it's wrong.

S. Well the Kerner Commission report, I think, pointed out very clearly what white racism is in America.

R. Yes, I know perfectly well that it blamed the troubles of America in the race area on white racism, and I think it

was wrong to make that particular emphasis at that time. But you have made a specific charge, Mr. Sorensen, and you might as well inaugurate your campaign by either backing it up or withdrawing it. Does NATIONAL REVIEW advocate racism or not?

S. NATIONAL REVIEW, in the sense of the Kerner Commission report, has contributed to this result. That's exactly right.

R. In what sense is that? (*Pause*) What kind of a weaselly statement is that?

S. That's not a weaselly statement. As you've just pointed out, you don't agree with the Kerner Commission report.

R. And therefore I'm a racist? Anybody who disagrees with it is a racist?

S. No, of course not.

R. Well then, what?

S. (*Pause*) What what?

R. Well then, what is the point of bringing it up?

S. What is the point of your bringing up all the articles—
R. Because you have charged NATIONAL REVIEW with racism, and I want to know if you've got anything to back it up.

S. And I have told you as soon as I consult with my librarian I'll send you the documentation.

R. And the answer is that at the moment you don't have any documentation?

S. No, of course I do.

R. Oh, you do now?

S. I am going to send you the documentation, Mr. Rusher.

R. But you don't have it with you tonight?

S. No, of course. I don't have it with me tonight.

R. And you can't recall what it is?

S. Oh, I have a very clear impression of NATIONAL REVIEW and what it stands for.

R. And what is that?

S. I have already spoken that.

R. Racism?

S. It has contributed to the atmosphere of racism that has unfortunately set back race relations in this country.

R. And it has done this in what way?

S. In its articles.

R. Which articles?

S. And in the candidates it has espoused.

R. Which candidates?

S. And in the policies that it has backed.

R. Which candidates?

S. And I intend to send you the documentation.

R. You're aware that we opposed Wallace, are you not? Maybe you're not. It occurs to me that you probably aren't.

S. Well, you opposed Wallace because you had Mr. Nixon, who was equally close to your point of view.

R. And you think that supporting Richard Nixon makes us racists, indirectly or directly?

S. No.

R. Well then, what does?

S. Why don't you wait for the documentation?

R. All right, that's what we'll do.

The "documentation" never showed up, of course. Instead, Sorensen sent the following apology and retraction to Barry Farber. (It's a good thing for Sorensen that he did not seek the legal advice of Gargan and Markham.)

February 20, 1970

Dear Barry:

I very much regret having used the words "racist" and "American Nazi Party" in connection with the NATIONAL REVIEW during your radio show of February 9. My apologies to you and Mr. William Rusher for this unfortunate error.

Sincerely,
Theodore C. Sorensen

Erle Stanley Gardner, RIP

It is hard to think of anyone in our time who has given more people more simple, unadulterated pleasure than Erle Stanley Gardner. When he died at the age of 80, something like 170 million copies of his books had been sold in America alone. The readers of these books, his multitudinous readers abroad, and those who have watched the Perry Mason television series, have found continuing solace in Gardner's intricate plots and clear, absorbing narrative. And absorbing entertainment aside, there has been in these troubled times something more—a simple unapologetic vindication of American values in Gardner's portrayal of the triumph of the innocent, the resourcefulness of their defenders, the flexibility and probity of our American system of law and justice.—FSM

Notes & Asides

I devote the section (greatly expanded) to a letter from a young man, recently returned from the Army, who adequately, indeed excellently, describes himself, his brief history and his grievances with NATIONAL REVIEW. I found him, and his criticisms, so engaging, that I asked the editorial board, and Mr. Rusher, to comment on his criticisms. They did so in memorandums addressed to me. The result is edifying, and entertaining. I shall devote a future section to reactions (brief, please) from readers. My thanks to you, in advance; and, especially, to Mr. McSloy.

—WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

You probably don't remember me, but we had some dealings when I edited the Northwestern University Conservative Club's magazine, the *Optimate*, and we have met on several occasions—during the Goldwater campaign and most recently in early 1968 when you gave a speech here in San Antonio.

All this should serve to indicate that I am an inveterate NR fan, even to the point of saving past issues of the magazine for rainy afternoons, à la Mrs. Ferrari.

But sometimes you people at NR just burn me up! I recall your rather snotty comments about that girl who was expelled from Columbia simply because she chose to live with a man who was not her husband. With an administration like that to contend with, I'm not surprised Mark Rudd and the boys got a bit rowdy.

I remember being thought quite radical in my days at Northwestern because I advocated integrated off-campus housing, Bob Dylan music and an end to curfews for girls over twenty-one. We didn't ask the University to take a position on Dylan, but you can't imagine how the officials there grumbled and procrastinated over the issues we brought them. I didn't even last long enough at NU (only four-and-a-half years) to see the abolition of the curfew.

Although I've been in the military for the past three years, thus missing a good deal of campus excitement, I get the impression that some administrations have brought a lot of trouble on themselves.

Had they been more responsive to legitimate student reforms, had they been willing to deal with those students who wanted to work within the system, much of the radicals' strength would have been defused. (For example, I remember how hard we had to work just to get two students in as "observers" during meetings of a certain high administrative body.)

The cretins of the New Left would never have been able to do (or undo) all they have if a large number of students had not been latently hostile to the university administrations, believing (correctly, in most cases) that their administrations would obstinately refuse all compromise until the students made life sufficiently intolerable to force certain policy modifications.

NR does not seem to have given "equal time" to both sides of the student revolt question. While justly criticizing Hayden, Davis, et al., you often throw in nasty, off-the-cuff comments that place you pretty far into the Pig Camp.

I'm thinking now of Neil McCaffrey's tasteless, entirely uncalled-for reference to the "Rolling Scum" in the July 15, 1969 issue—which is the proximate cause of this letter. You don't have to be a Stones fan (though I am) to know that NR is no place for such malicious remarks.

How would you like it if in my magazine I referred to "Pope Pig VI" or quoted "President Richard Out-house Nixon"? I certainly don't mean to equate the Stones with the Pope or RMN—but I use the analogy because if something like the above were printed in, say, the *New York Times*, or in Murray Kempton's column, the very next issue of NR would surely contain a sonorous passage or two, slapping the offender's wrist for violation of unwritten rules of fair play, and all that.

There are a lot of NR subscribers under thirty and we're not freaks, either, or radicals or hippies. But I am damned tired of those little innuendos about the things young people like, and of the fact that every pomposity uttered by some SDS moron is duly punctured, while

you let all sorts of foolishness pass if it happens to be directed at young people, or by some totem conservative. (Frank Meyer springs to mind: You really need to give him the horselaugh frequently, you really do.)

There are a lot of issues that concern young people that *NR* could delve into. What about a rock column, for instance? I don't mean those occasional pieces by C. H. Simonds and Tony Dolan—I mean a feature, like *Esquire's* "Secular Music" department. I'd write you one for nothing.

You did a feature on marijuana a while back, batted a few letters back and forth, and then you dropped the subject. Surely it hasn't been exhausted? What's going on?

Similarly, what happened to that YAF movement against the draft? Have you said anything about the current sex education flap that has the Birchers out beating the bushes?

You never really have come to grips with the question of whether cops beat up on kids or not, and if they do, what we should do about it. Are you aware that there are huge quantities of people running around who get really paranoid at the sight or mention of *long hair*, *rock music* and/or *pot*? I'd really like to see an article about hair—why the kids like it, why the "then generation" gets so uptight about it, how far it has infiltrated the "straight world."

Lastly, you certainly haven't tromped on the Nixon Administration with the gusto of old. To be sure,

Nixon's a much better President than we have seen in some time—but the bureaucracy is still enormous and parasitic, the debt mounting, taxes oppressive, inflation spiraling. Have you sold out to the Establishment? God knows it does my heart good to hear the liberals yelp, but surely there must be *something* to criticize! It'd be terrible if *NR* were to lose its critical faculty in the euphoria of a (more or less) conservative Administration.

Well, this has been a very long letter—I only do this sort of thing once a year or so, and you're this year's victim—and if you've gotten this far, let me thank you for your patience.

I really do like *NR*, but you can be terribly stuffy at times really. It's tough enough to try to get through to people my age with a conservative message without all the put-downs in the "Bible." I remember one guy I really worked on. Among other things, I spent a lot of time extolling your virtues, wit etc. Well, he went as far as to read a column of yours, and he hit you in a stuffy mood—probably writing about birth control or sexual promiscuity or something like that—and came back saying: "You told me this Buckley guy was so groovy—why he's just an old fart like the rest of them!"

Well, of course you're not, Mr. Buckley. But the magazine does have its moments.

Pace.

Sincerely,
Tom McSloy

Comment from Frank S. Meyer

The gravamen of Mr. McSloy's complaint would seem to be expressed in his unhappiness "that *NATIONAL REVIEW* does not seem to have given 'equal time' to both sides of the student-revolt question," and in his conclusion that some of *NATIONAL REVIEW's* attitudes place us "pretty far into the Pig Camp."

But the student revolt is a revolt against the standards of Western civilization; it is simply a radical speeding up of the glacierlike erosion of those standards by liberalism over the past decades. *NATIONAL REVIEW*, founded primarily to combat liberalism, is *a fortiori* committed to the sharpest opposition to the "student revolt," which is the nasty spawn of liberalism. Being conservatives, we must base our position on principle, not on the dictates of the latest fads and fancies. Therefore, there is about as much reason for us to give "equal time" to the revolting students as to the shibboleths of collectivist liberalism.

As for the "Pig Camp," if it is to be defined as Mr. McSloy defines it,

as the camp of defense of the standards of Western civilization, then all I can say—and with enthusiasm—is "oink." After all, his use of the word "pig," derived from the tastier imagination of the New Left, was first directed against the police, without whom our civic structure, creaking today in every timber, might soon fall about our heads before the onslaught of those to whom *NATIONAL REVIEW* denies "equal time." When nihilist forces like those let loose today are on the rampage, the constitutional consensus of the peaceful and productive majority can only be defended by the police—unless we are to descend into civil war.

The details of Mr. McSloy's complaint are comparatively unimportant in themselves: pot, rock and free sex—separable issues in themselves—taken together constitute the sacred symbolism of the revolt against the West, as clearly as long hair (per se only a matter of taste) is the uniform of its armies.

For example, pot—a drug characteristic of Eastern civilizations, over which the West towers as civilization towers

over barbarism. The West has its own drug, alcohol, integral element in song and story, love and battle, material substance of its highest mystery. How encompassing a rejection of tradition would conservatives be condoning, to bless the turning from this to the leavings of dying civilizations?

Or rock . . . if it were regarded only as what it is in itself—a new form of popular music—it would arouse only the muted emotions that jazz did in the Twenties; it might annoy the older generation for a while, until it died away to be replaced by another form of popular music; it would please the young; and that would be the end of it. But the emotion it arouses in Mr. McSloy and his peers, the oh-so-serious reactions which that emotion brings forth in older men who should be wiser, and the incredible mass orgies it gives birth to in Bethel and San Francisco, would indicate that in actuality it is to be understood not as a form of popular music, but as a constituent of the symbolism of revolt.

Or free sex—which is what I presume Mr. McSloy is espousing in his

discontent with Mr. Buckley's treatment of the Columbia incident. One need not be unmoved by the tragedy of a Tristan and an Isolde, a Lancelot and a Guinevere, a Paolo and a Francesca, to recognize the height of spiritual achievement in the Western concept of sacramental monogamy.

That passion is strong and men are weak, that the ideal will always be marred in an imperfect world—this conservatives would never deny. But to ask conservatives to withhold their support from those in authority over the young, who attempt to maintain the tradition of the civilization is to ask them to cease to be conservatives. What the slogan of free sex on the banner of the revolt denotes is the demand—once more, the attack upon tradition—for the bestialization of sex and love, the hallowing not only of promiscuous coupling, but as well (read what pours from our presses), of homosexuality, bisexuality and polymorphous perversion.

If, nevertheless, Mr. McSloy and his sympathizers say: "This is the future; NATIONAL REVIEW is doomed to stuffiness and irrelevance if it does not embrace it," we can only answer that conservatism stands on principles rooted in an objective moral order, no matter in what direction and with what power the wave of the present may seem to be rolling. We can only repeat the Editor's Statement in Volume I, Number 1 of NATIONAL REVIEW: "[NATIONAL REVIEW] stands athwart history, yelling 'Stop,' at a time when no one is inclined to do so, or to have much patience with those who so urge it."

Comment from Jeffrey Hart

It's very difficult to come to grips with Tom McSloy's letter, for when he seems to be making a point he tends to slither off into mere attitude. In asserting that college administrations could have avoided a lot of trouble by undertaking (unspecified) "legitimate student reforms," he illustrates the iniquity this way: "For example, I remember how hard we had to work just to get two students in as 'observers' during meetings of a certain high administrative body." But what does this really mean? Surely the deliberations of many "high administrative bodies" ought to be private, for they preside over matter in which students are not presumed competent. Who knows? Perhaps Mr. McSloy should have been

obliged not only to work hard but to work unsuccessfully.

Take another example. It is impossible to tell from Mr. McSloy's fuzzy comments on the Barnard cohabitor whether he objects a) to the alleged "snottiness" of Mr. Buckley's comments, or b) to the fact that NR expressed any disapproval at all: "Simply because she chose to live with a man who was not her husband"—Mr. McSloy's rather prim description of her behavior. Actually, she had moved in with a Columbia College dropout and SDSer, an obvious yahoo who was churning out revolutionary bilge on a mimeograph machine, and, by flaunting her behavior, expressed her contempt for generally recognized norms. The moral aggression was, precisely, hers: She intended to transform private vice into public outrage. Her behavior seems to me to call more for tar and feathers and a ride on a rail than for the demure slap on the wrist she actually received. Frank Meyer's comments on marriage seem to me definitive.

"With an administration like that to contend with, I'm not surprised Mark Rudd and the boys got a bit rowdy." The blandness of this sentence amounts to falsification: Rudd and the boys did not get a bit rowdy. They severely damaged, for the foreseeable future perhaps irreparably, a great university. Actually, under "an administration like that" Columbia achieved the very greatness Rudd and the boys undermined much as "Mario and the boys" did at Berkeley. One other point: I find in Mr. McSloy's phrase "Mark Rudd and the boys" a disturbing suggestion that he enjoys some sense of community with them.

It is not only "Birchers" who are concerned—as he seems to think—about "the current sex education flap." His obfuscating argot ("Birchers," "flap") suggests that any form of sex education is all right with him—again, suggests, but does not really say.

The offending Buckley column—"stuffy"—was "probably . . . about birth control or sexual promiscuity or something like that." One gathers—though again there is no specification—that "stuffiness" consists of not being for birth control or sexual promiscuity. But it is possible to take other views of both.

As I say, Mr. McSloy is elusive, and I may be misreading him, but to the extent that I do discern the *tendence*

of his remarks, he judges as "stuffy" and is "burned up by" any assertion of norms in opposition to the tastes of current liberal-permissive-sensate culture.

I have some sympathy for his points about music. One naturally, and accurately, thinks in terms of cultural syndromes: Hair, rock and pot tend to be the symbols of a counterculture whose politics and morals are unacceptable. Art, indeed, is almost always politically and morally implicated. A Parisian who championed Shakespeare in the seventeenth century, or a New Yorker who defended Dreiser in the 1950s, could with some confidence be identified politically and culturally. On the other hand, any art form can be considered in its own right; and so can rock music. I have the impression, indeed, that recent developments in rock are intrinsically interesting. Those who have a taste for avant-garde or "art" music (Milton Babbitt, John Cage) will find that rock shares with it an impulse to exploit the possibilities of technology—electronic music, and so on. One of the Beatles' later albums, *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, employs an enormous variety of musical techniques and advances serious claims to the status of a work of art. Its lyrics have no relationship at all to the mindless vacuity characteristic of one of the remote founders, Elvis Presley.

I myself am unlikely to become an aficionado of rock; and the rock groups themselves are wildly uneven in quality. Nevertheless rock music, abstracted from the repulsive cultural circumstances in which it is often encountered, is surely a valid subject for informed analysis and commentary.

Comment from Priscilla L. Buckley

I think it less important to analyze the truth or falsity of Mr. McSloy's broadsides at NATIONAL REVIEW—many of which are easily skewered, see Messrs. Hart and Meyer—than to discuss the reasons he gives for our failure to—Lord help us!—communicate with his generation.

I take it for granted that NR will not abandon any of its basic beliefs in order to attract the Tom McSloys. Still there is much that we can do and should be doing to make a teen-ager or college student eager to pick up and read NATIONAL REVIEW. Certainly it

would be foolish for us, whether as evangelists or as critics, to narrow our audience unnecessarily. Young people must be a primary target.

So how to interest them. What is important to the McSloy's? Rock, certainly. It plays a vital part in the life of every young person I know. Drugs. All right, should marijuana be legalized? What about the drug cult and drug literature; what about the drug v. alcohol argument they all toss out? The war and the draft. Dress: beads, bare feet, hair. The intellectual fads: yoga, the Maharishi what's-his-name, Marcuse, Sartre and Camus, Fanon. The black revolution, black studies. Should colleges be segregated but schools integrated? Language: the obsession with obscenities. Premarital sex, the Pill, abortion. SDS, the New Left, and hate-Americanism. The works.

We've made a start. McSloy is right, we ran the Gollan-Mount exchange on marijuana, and then pretty much dropped the subject. We've had only one major article on the draft. In the past year we've had much better cov-

erage of campus activities by younger men, students, graduate students and teachers—Coyne, Rothchild, Brudnoy and Dolan. Dolan and Simonds have done some coverage of the rock scene. Phil Ardery did a piece on Woodstock. But at best our coverage of subjects the Now Generation is interested in has been episodic; there are a number of fields we haven't touched at all. I think we should make a major effort to explore and answer the questions these young people are raising in a non-condescending, non-stuffy manner and, if we end up concluding they're all wet (Frank: you can disband the posse) then let's say so.

Comment from James Burnham

I don't take very seriously many of the explicit points McSloy makes, any more than I do those made by the New Leftists, Yippies, etc. He has obviously chosen many of his points, and his way of putting them, with the aim of provoking and needling *NR*'s editors. I gather from Frank's comments and

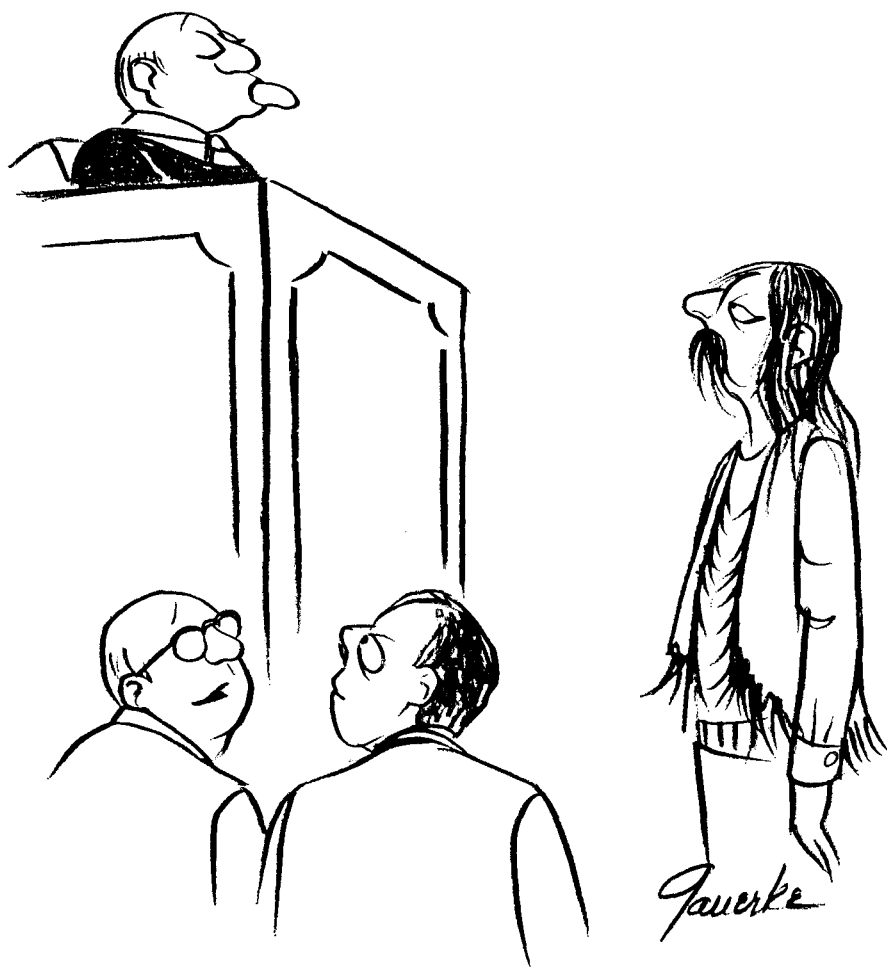
from some of Jeff's (and, I have little doubt, will gather from Rusher's to come) that he has succeeded.

I read McSloy's letter as expressing the feeling that *NR* does not relate very convincingly to young people; that for young people its content is too often irrelevant, undiscerning, philistine and stuffy. I think this feeling, though exaggerated in McSloy's prose, is on the whole justified.

It is my impression that *NR* has, relatively, a smaller audience and less influence among young people than in its earlier years. It has tended to become a magazine for the middle-aged and old folks. Even when *NR*'s topic is something of direct concern to younger readers—and sometimes even when the text is by younger writers—there is often an older folks' perspective and a lack of empathic projection (if I may use so barbaric a term).

To shift this equilibrium—if it were deemed desirable to do so, which is not self-evident—need not mean submitting to the values of the self-appointed youth spokesmen. But it would require 1) assigning a larger percentage of *NR*'s space to the problems and issues with which young people become peculiarly and ardently concerned; 2) handling these issues in a way which, quite apart from any formal conclusions that might be reached, shows both a comprehension of the issue and a humane appreciation of the causes that have led young people to be concerned with them. I am convinced that these issues of concern to younger people (and of course not only to younger people) include not only the obvious items—Vietnam, drugs, racial relations, consumer society, pollution, etc.—but, for example, ethical and philosophical problems. I think it would be well worth while to have serious analysis of, say, the ethical principles of the Port Huron Statement, Marcuse's critique of logical empiricism, Fanon's doctrine of redemption through violence, etc.

As against revolutionary onslaught, *NR* defends the Establishment. But that is a directly political task. *NR*'s primary functions are journalistic, philosophical and literary, not political. Though *NR* defends the Establishment in the last analysis as against revolutionary onslaught, a large part of its primary job is to criticize and satirize, precisely, the Establishment, to stick pins into stuffed shirts. I think McSloy is right in finding *NR*'s pin-sticking too



"The entire fabric of our judicial process is breaking down"

selective, and I believe that accounts for some of his feeling about stuffiness. *NR*'s critique is too easy on business and businessmen, bureaucrats, pompous conservatives, and the Nixon, that is the incumbent, Administration. Although there is an order of priority among targets, surely all stuffed shirts and all stuffed shirtism lie within the target area. I also feel we are sometimes too solemn about the youth antics. Some of them (e.g., of the Yippies) are largely put-ons that can be laughed at.

As for contemporary arts—not only rock but the arts quite generally—it was best either to say nothing at all about them or to be able and willing to greet freshness, vitality and excitement as well as serenity, elegance and proportion. It is proper and prudent to note the pernicious political ties of much contemporary art and many contemporary artists, but if we are to follow Plato in condemning and discarding all art so blemished, we will be left with a starvation diet. In this respect, contemporary art, literature and music do not differ much, in relation to their times, from most of the art, literature and music since the mid-eighteenth century.

Comment from William A. Rusher

That rascally old atheist H. L. Mencken once wrote that his father (also an infidel) had insisted that Henry acquire a thorough grounding in Christian theology—not because he expected his son would ever actually believe in it, but because he considered it one mark of an educated man to be familiar with it.

In precisely that spirit, at least three years ago, I began urging *NATIONAL REVIEW*'s editors to devote more space to certain recent developments among some of our young people which I had noted in the course of lecturing on a good many college campuses. The virtual abandonment of rational inquiry in favor of mindless sloganism; the widespread, almost offhand hatred of the American society; the huge boom in the use of drugs of every type; the substantially total collapse of sexual (and other) standards; the development of a whole arrested-infantile life-style, centering on certain bellwether campuses, dedicated to draft-dodging, job-dodging and solipsism, and all subtly communicated by such fringe cultural

manifestations as rock music, pot and long hair—these were (and are) facts of considerable importance, and if Mr. McSloy merely meant to urge us to contemplate them and comment upon them, I would gladly carry a spear in his army.

But he asks for something more, and something quite different. Despite an occasional vagrant conservative impulse, he basically asks us not only to discuss, but in general to *approve*, these new “things young people like.” And there, like the elder Mencken, I get off the train.

I assume (no: I know) that we are above the cheap opportunism that has sent the mass newsmagazines slaving after the young with a calculating eye on their very considerable buying power. On the other hand I hope we will duly note any degree of objective merit which this or that aspect of the “cultural revolution” may possess. (Rock music, for example, may for all I know be a giant leap for mankind—though personally I think it is possible to detect, in the implicit aggressions of “hard rock,” the aesthetic formulation of something very like a social distemper.) But our business is with the totality of the phenomenon now gripping so much of our youth: its origins, its manifestations and its effects. And I note with gratitude, though without surprise, that not even the most latitudinarian of *NATIONAL REVIEW*'s editors suggests for a moment that we can, on balance, approve of these. They too obviously typify what *NATIONAL REVIEW* has been talking about all along—what it was founded to expose, denounce and resist: the disintegration of those normative standards which are the fundamental precondition of any viable society whatever.

But there is something else to be said here, and it has to do with the real wishes of Mr. McSloy. On our side, we are touched by his earnestness and his self-evident desire to respect us (or at any rate some of us; as every teen-ager knows, Frank Meyer's “Principles and Heresies” can be dismissed with a horselaugh). In an age that prizes its young, such goodwill as his is not lightly to be thrown away.

But what about us interests *him*? He purports to speak for a life-style, a whole world-view, that we have overlooked or in any case underrated. He calls upon America's leading journal of conservative opinion to come abreast of

this world-view: incorporate it, sanctify it. How cool it would be to bring Bill Buckley into camp for just one friendly joint—one moment of delicious complicity in the assault on the straight world and its stupid old taboos! That is what Tom McSloy wants . . . or is it?

It is fortunate for those of us who seek to resist his plea that it comes at a time when the whole phenomenon he bespeaks is so clearly past its prime: when student riots are fraying themselves out in exhausted satiety; when even the farther fringes of the drug universe are losing their glamor; when America in general is quite plainly recovering its equilibrium on the whole subject of youth (as witness John W. Aldridge's devastating pair of articles on the subject in *Harper's*, entitled “In the Country of the Young”—now a book).

As Aldridge suggests, what America's young people (Mr. McSloy included) really want from the elders they respect is something very different from an endorsement of their life-style. Rather, they want and need desperately what their cruelly permissive (or merely indifferent) parents and “teachers” have hitherto always denied them: the sense of solid ground beneath their feet—of a moral horizon that remains fixed—of a known and dependable and *therefore* valuable relationship to their society and to the world.

That, at any rate, is all *NATIONAL REVIEW* has to offer them—and all it can ever really offer them. Wit, verve, excitement—these qualities are not the monopoly of any one age group, and *NATIONAL REVIEW* has rarely been accused of lacking them. But we would look merely ridiculous if we tried to ignore, or to act as if we approved, the public moral spelunking of Linda Le Clair. Conceivably the Now Generation would think slightly better of *NATIONAL REVIEW* if it could manage to fuddle our editors just once with a little pot, like fraternity brothers at an initiation; but I doubt it. Either this magazine is admirable for better reasons than that or it is worth nothing at all. In the last analysis the only real kindness *NATIONAL REVIEW* can do the McSloys of this world is to preserve and hold forth a respect for truth and logical processes to which they can repair with confidence, and perhaps with relief, when the passion for novelty and mere sensation has subsided a bit in their young and hungry hearts. □

WILL NIXON GET A SENATE?



LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Early optimism is being replaced by recent confusion and worry among Republican strategists. In the past two weeks, observers have begun to be less sanguine about GOP prospects for capturing control of the Senate in November. On paper Republican chances look good, since only nine GOP seats are at stake and a number of Democratic seats are vulnerable. But some haphazard politicking and the absence of a discernible general strategy are not doing the Administration's reputation for political savvy any good.

Typical of the confusion that has beset current GOP election strategy was the Punch-and-Judy show played out between incumbent Senator George Murphy (R., Cal.) and HEW Secretary Robert Finch. Would Finch run? Did he have the blessing of the White House? Did friends of Finch, possibly with White House knowledge, have anything to do with leaking the tale about Murphy's yearly fee from Technicolor? Why did the *Los Angeles Times* weigh in against Murphy when it did? Why didn't Administration operatives do something to discourage businessman Norton Simon from entering the primary against Murphy?

There was almost certainly less to the Finch-Murphy rivalry than met the eye. But speculation in the press over a period of weeks certainly did some damage to Murphy and did not give the impression that political leadership was being exercised as decisively as it might have been. No one doubted that Murphy could have been edged out of the Senate race only by White House intervention. Even though such intervention was not forthcoming, after-the-fact analysts argue, with some persuasion, that it should have been seen not to be forthcoming.

The case of Virginia is a new hot potato tossed in the lap of Administration and Republican National Commit-

tee strategists. The announcement by incumbent Senator Harry Byrd (D., Va.) that he would run in November as an Independent has Republicans interested in Virginia lying low. "He's a fine gentleman," said one GOP National Committee source when asked about the Party's attitude toward Byrd's half-switch. The general conclusion is that the Republicans cannot elect a Senator in Virginia in November; the winner will either be Byrd, who might then become a Republican or who might not, or a liberal from the Henry Howell faction of Virginia's Democratic Party.

For the GOP National Committee and for White House strategists, the problem is Virginia Governor Linwood Holton, the state's first Republican governor since Reconstruction. Holton is unenthusiastic about a Byrd switch and wants to keep party leadership to himself. Hence a low-profile Republican race against Byrd would seem likely to go against the grain of Virginia Republicans, while a vigorous effort might well elect a Democrat, who would be far less welcome to the Administration than the comparatively friendly Byrd. Byrd himself has some cards to play. Though he will almost certainly support the nomination of Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court, he has not yet announced his support and is counted among the uncommitted.

It is in fact the pervasive feeling of well-being among Republicans all across the United States that has created so many problems in national senatorial campaign strategy. The state parties are feeling their oats and tending to be less receptive than in the past to aid and advice from Washington. The negative reaction of Republicans in Michigan to Administration intervention in the senatorial nomination squabble involving Mrs. George Romney is typical of similar reactions elsewhere in the country. William Rentschler's campaign

against incumbent Senator Ralph Smith (R., Ill.) was run, and lost, partly on charges of Administration carpetbagging and state party bossism. What is surprising is that Rentschler's race should have been run at all.

Republican prospects for the Senate are, in fact quite good. November will represent the first congressional election fought by Republicans under a Republican Administration for a decade. The gains could be considerable. Some old Washington hands are wondering whether the Administration wants to lose such sympathetic committee chairmen as John Stennis (D., Miss.) of Armed Services and James Eastland (D., Miss.) of Judiciary. But legislative allegiance in the Senate will not count for much in 1970. One insider, looking over the map, commented: "We want a Republican Senate. We want it bad."

A STORY that has been circulated in Washington for ten days or so suggests that the leakage concerning the Technicolor fee came from friends of Finch. But the leakage was a severe tactical misjudgment. Murphy's prime prospective Democratic opponent is Congressman John Tunney, a Young Turk among House Democrats and a man with something of the reputation of a crusader. The story of the Technicolor fee—a \$20,000 a year retainer paid to Murphy by the firm for consultation—has a sting in the tail. A director of Technicolor, Inc. is J. J. (Gene) Tunney, father of the Congressman.

Allies of Murphy point out that the elder Tunney was in a position to know about, and approve, the Murphy fee. Hence the issue becomes defused for the Democrats. Similarly, if the story originated with one of the Tunneys rather than with friends of Finch, then the issue becomes a partisan one and not particularly useful in a GOP primary. Either way, Murphy seems likely to come out ahead in what looked initially like an embarrassment. □

HEAVY GROWS THE CROWN



THE THIRD WORLD WAR

The news from Southeast Asia reads lately like the script of a sequel to *Anna and the King of Siam*. There seems to be a prince for all groups and seasons. It is bewildering enough to have a prince as leader of the Laotian Communists without his being at the same time half-brother to the prince who is head of the non-Communist government. And what Westerner could ever fathom the actions of Prince Sihanouk, musician, movie producer and political trapeze artist extraordinary who apparently—though one should never in his case go by first appearances—swung a little too far out and failed to regain his perch? The supporting cast is crowded with exotic mountain tribesmen, smiling rebels, masquerading soldiers and secret agents by the bushel. One suspects that no one knows exactly what is going on and that everyone in the action has a card or two up his sleeve.

Reality Pushes Through

The events of the past three weeks give spectacular expression to a truth that U.S. policy has never been willing to acknowledge. The idea that the war in Southeast Asia may be geographically delimited as "South Vietnamese" or even "Vietnamese" is a fiction. What is going on, and has been for a generation, is a war involving control of all of what the French called "Indochina"—i.e., both Vietnams, Laos and Cambodia. Indeed, the theater of combat spreads beyond Indochina to include, at least, the northeastern provinces of Thailand. These lie within the Mekong valley, immediately across from Laos; they are chiefly inhabited by Lao people, Meo tribesmen akin to the Laotian Meo, and seventy thousand Vietnamese. The North Vietnamese Communists—like the French, for that matter—have always understood that this larger region is inevitably the arena of their pro-

tracted conflict, and that Laos and Cambodia are toy nations that could not possibly maintain genuine independence.

Though this truth is not *acknowledged*, the United States is compelled to act, however inadequately, in accordance with it. This is the explanation for the bombing of the Ho Chi Minh trail, though it lies within the formal boundaries of Laos, and one of the elaborate operations in northern Thailand and Laos that have suddenly come to such conspicuous notice; the bases of various sorts on both sides of the Mekong; the Meo army, with its U.S. equipment and "advisers"; the U.S. soldiers and experts under this cover or that; the complicated intelligence setups; the airfields and varied air activities. It explains, too, the Thai bases in the north and the arrival of Thai units in Laos, and it is very likely part of the explanation for the overturn (if it is an overturn) in Cambodia. And it explains, at one phase farther removed, the all-weather road that the Chinese have been constructing from Yunnan through northern Laos, scheduled to reach the Mekong at Pak Beng this month. With France and Britain already departed and Japan still on the sidelines, it is obvious enough to the Chinese that the region must inevitably shift to the Chinese sphere if U.S. power is withdrawn.

The first and crucial flaw in the policy of Vietnamization is the idea that you can thwart an opponent's purpose, bend his will to yours, without defeating him. The North Vietnamese Communists have the long-standing goal of getting political control of South Vietnam. Why should they give their goal up if they are not compelled to?

The second flaw is the assumed geographical restriction of the basic problem to South Vietnam. Vietnamization, even if temporarily successful inside South Vietnam, solves nothing while Laos, Cambodia and northern Thailand are unsolved. It would be like smothering the fire in one room while the rest

of the house is left still burning.

What then is the President going to do? What *can* he do? By presenting the problem inadequately and incorrectly in his Vietnamization policy proposal and his Guam statement, he has much reduced his freedom of maneuver now that the inadequacy is catching up with him. His critics can demand—they do demand—that he keep to his seeming pledge that Vietnam was the one final glass for the road, and never again.

In the abstract, a successful resolution of the Southeast Asian conflict has always been well within U.S. capability. In the concrete it may not be and may never have been. For Nixon as for every head of government, the domestic situation must necessarily have priority over foreign policy; his options in deciding foreign policy questions are limited to what the domestic situation permits. He cannot choose a line of action abroad that he judges would wreck the country internally. And if he is a modern democratic politician, he does not make a choice that will be unpopular enough to jeopardize his and his party's electoral future.

Dilemmas of Power

But what if he judges that a particular line of foreign action, though certain to be unpopular at least for the short run and to risk grave if not fatal internal dissension, is at the same time essential to the nation's longer-term security and interest, perhaps essential also to the ideals that have shaped the nation's being and destiny? It is such a choice that plunges the democratic leader into those dark nights of the spirit that leave their deep visible traces on the leaders of our era. For more than a year, Richard Nixon has juggled the burdens of office with such skill and luck that they have seemed to press with unusual lightness. The signs multiply—not only in Southeast Asia—that the time approaches when he will begin to feel the full weight of rule. □

THE ITALIANS almost certainly lack the imagination to replace their ailing republic with anything better—or with anything else—in the foreseeable future. In other countries, the bitterness and violence which have marked the chronic strikes, riots and guerrilla strife of Italy's "long hot autumn" and no less hot winter would portend speedy changes of a drastic order. But alternatives seem few in this NATO state, and the chances are that the *Repubblica* will survive another year to see its 25th anniversary, deservedly or not, plausibly or not.

That occasion, if it comes, will bring a reminder of the fraudulent plebiscite that dissolved the anti-Communist bastion of the monarchy and led to the Constituent Assembly in which Palmiro Togliatti and his *Partito Comunista Italiano* shared with the newly triumphant Catholics the preparation of the postwar constitution. The nation's current ills have grown from an error committed at that moment by the premier of the late Forties and Fifties, Christian Democrat Alcide de Gasperi, who failed to outlaw the Communist Party at the outset (as Adenauer did in Germany), and who permitted Togliatti's followers to acquire a permanent and large role in the "partyocracy" which succeeded fascism and which closely resembles the oligarchy of parties whose malfunction in 1922 brought Mussolini to power.

Anticlericalism is strong in Italy on Left and Right, and some conservative opponents of recent Vatican policies are malicious enough to charge that de Gasperi—a Church statesman (critics say) and not an Italian patriot—*meant* to keep Communism alive and well after the War, precisely in order to drive the anti-Communists into the clutches of his own ideologically confused but Vatican-oriented *Democrazia Cristiana*. After 1948 this strategy, if de Gasperi indeed devised it, never gave the *DC* an absolute majority in Parliament, but the Christian Democrats went through the 1950s with strong pluralities. They remained sternly anti-Communist, thanks not so much to the highly "flexible" politicians who ran the party after de Gasperi died in 1954 as to Pius XII who ran *them*, and who was generally reckoned the unavowed monarch of a revived papal state conveniently labeled Italy. Pope Pius' principal weapon against the Communists was his pronouncement of excommunication

LETTER FROM ROME

1922 All Over Again?

J. D. FUTCH

against them and their allies in 1949—a ban still in effect today, *de jure*, and very grandly ignored by Papa Pacelli's two successors.

The death of Pius XII in 1958 was indeed the turning point of the Vatican's, hence of "neo-Guelf" Italy's, postwar history. Now came the election of John XXIII, whose solicitude for the "separated brethren" extended beyond the spiritual realm into that of Italian politics—and especially into the limbo to which the Communists had been relegated since 1947. Next followed the "unleashing" of the Catholic Left—of those Christian Democrats who had been kept on a tight rein as long as Pius lived. And since the crisis in Italy today arises from political causes alone, and developed *despite* the existence of a healthy and rational economy, it is worthwhile to look closely at the politicians who have generated a malaise of their own that was wholly avoidable.

'The Socialist Papacy'

Amintore Fanfani was and remains the leader of left-wing Catholicism in and out of Parliament, and is the chief *responsabile* of the country's current turmoil. A Tuscan professor devoid of both the statesmanship and culture of the region's one-time princes and ministers, Fanfani is today president of the Senate and grand old man of the far-left Christian Democrats (thirty years ago he was a loquacious Catholic-fascist scholar and propagandist). Second to Fanfani among senior *DC* leftists is the recent Foreign Minister, Aldo Moro, for years premier in the 1960s and the author of the "opening to the left" in 1962, the agreement (vigorously pressed by President Kennedy's embassy in Rome) which produced a formerly inconceivable alliance between the Christian Democrats and the radical *Partito Socialista Italiano*, then led by Pietro Nenni. Moro, also an ambitious and noisy fascist youth leader thirty years ago, is the oddly chosen spokesman whose assurances, just be-

fore Christmas, of Italy's eternal loyalty to NATO understandably raised questions as to Rome's following the precedents of 1915 and 1943 in case of a future war or threat of war in Europe. Fanfani and Moro are the leading contenders for the presidency of the Republic in 1971; no other candidate can be realistically considered at the moment—least of all a conservative.

In the background a man of destiny is already visible. The younger, and equally leftist, Emilio Colombo stands ready to inherit the mantle now shared by Fanfani and Moro. A longtime cabinet minister and still more or less the Bright Young Man of the Christian Democrats, Colombo was propelled into Parliament by an "interested" bishop at the end of World War II, and into the sub-cabinet hierarchy immediately thereafter by a no less helpful monsignor. The Honorable Colombo's puzzling appeal to the newly enfranchised female voters supposedly rested on the claim, thoroughly convincing in his case, that the saintly youth had never known intimacy with a woman. Who could distrust him? "A vote for Colombo is a vote for virginity"—or something. His face, if not his ways, foreign chancelleries may soon come to know, for he is universally recognized as a premier of the near future.

Meanwhile, the political drama of 1919-1922 begins to repeat itself—as was easily foreseeable from the moment when John XXIII "disengaged the Church from Italian politics," as the phrase went. What this signified was that no serious effort would now be pursued to maintain the aggressively anti-Communist stance of the Christian Democrats, and the party, like its unlucky predecessor of 1919, the clerical *Partito Popolare*, broke into segments of right, center, left, far left, extreme left, mad left, and Cristo-Marxist. This development promised plenty of "dialogue" and enjoyed the approval of Pope John and particularly of his youthful grey eminence, Msgr. Loris Capovilla.

The Sixties have fulfilled the promise of the Good Pope's reign: The aggregate of the Marxist parties' vote has risen slowly with each general election, and that of the Christian Democrats has steadily slipped. Even the symbolic dignity of the presidency eluded the DC in 1964 with the election of a milquetoast socialist-turned-Catholic, Giuseppe Saragat, an apathetic nebbish unlikely to play a noticeable role in an eventual political showdown. From the Left, the pressure continues undiminished; Catholic radicals wish to proceed from the "dialogue" with Marxism to an alliance of the Holy See (of "the socialist papacy," as the *Corriere's* Giovanni Spadolini puts it) with the Socialist Party, and if possible with the Communists, to fight fascism, war and imperialism—of course.

Schism on the Left

The leftward drift of the Christian Democrats is visible against a backdrop of recently intensifying urban warfare, in the unhappy tradition of 1920, with "squads" of Maoists ("Chinese," the Italians call them) usually on the offensive against rightists, much as Mussolini's *squadristi* battled Communist and Socialist demonstrators, strikers and squatters after World War I. Nationalists have begun to react. Right-wing guerrillas are undergoing training (earnestly or not) in the Sabine hills near Rome. A larger response has come in the formation of a nationwide youth league known (interestingly) as *Ordine Nuovo*—the New Order. *ON* consists of both students' and workingmen's contingents, or "action fronts," and its

emblem is a double-headed axe, resembling less the old fascist insignia than that of Marshal Petain's Vichy.

The activation of the Right is not premature. The political street fights of 1969 were climaxed by, literally, an anarchist attack on the "military-financial complex"—with the bombings on December 12 of a large Milan bank and of the shrine in Rome containing the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The New Year brought further strikes and most recently new battles between right- and left-wing students in universities and even high schools. Parliament's reaction to the "irrepressible conflict" has been to take the first step (in the lower house) toward decentralizing the country by creating state governments, an innovation long sought by the Communists who expect thereby to take over such regions as Tuscany, the Val d'Aosta and, perhaps, others later.

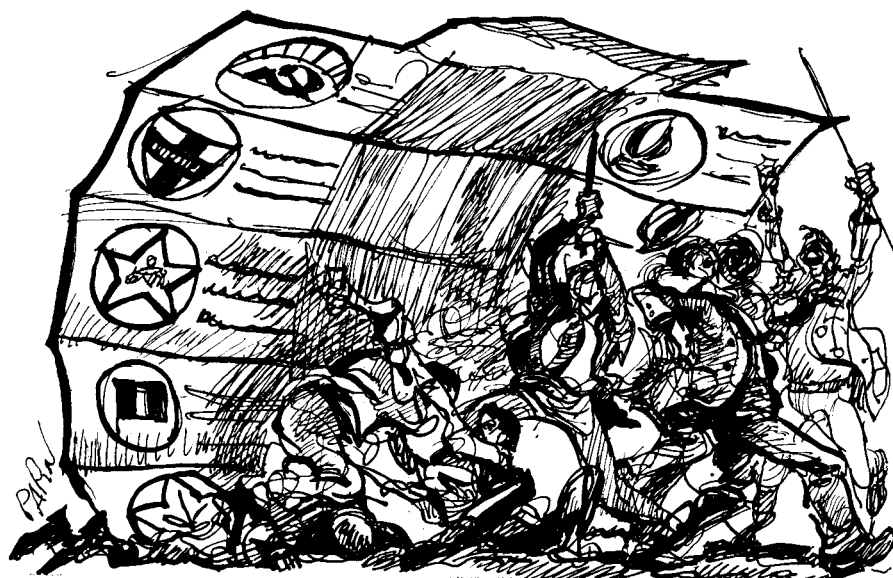
As in 1920, however, the Left is fortunately much divided; in the house of Marx are many mansions, and perhaps more today than ever. An attempted reunification of the non-Communist Socialists failed last summer, with awkward results for Christian Democrats who wish to continue the left-center (*centrosinistra*) coalition which has ruled for most of the Sixties. President Saragat's Social Democrats are ready to reconstruct the *centrosinistra*; but the hard line *Socialisti*, now under extremist Francesco de Martino, supplanter of Pietro Nenni, will return only reluctantly and would prefer a popular front government with the Communists. To the left of the two socialist standbys exists, for no coherent ideological reason, a new schismatic

fragment ironically named the Italian Socialist Party of Proletarian Unity. And in cities and provinces, local splinter "Communist" parties rise and die and rise again monthly, some of them *marxista-leninista*, some pointedly *marxista-leninista-maoista*. Akin to these countless miniparties are the clubs of the student *enragés* like the one in the university at Venice whose heroes, besides Ho and Che, are José Martí, Malcolm X and Jack Weinberg (whoever he is).

Repetition of . . . ?

But 1970 is not 1920. No Mussolini is in sight, and the Left's *bête noire*, General Giovanni de Lorenzo, hardly fits the role—not with his monocle and his monarchist politics. Worse still, there is no conservative Pope, as there was when Benedict XV reigned fifty years ago, to silence the Catholic radicals and disavow the kooks (like Florence's Giorgio La Pira, whose latest interest is the report of miracles at the tomb of Ho Chi Minh). Paul VI, far from "happily reigning," as the traditional formula has it, has little influence in national politics and confines himself to defending orthodoxy, with varying degrees of success, from attacks on priestly celibacy, marriage without the Pill, and the apparently doomed prohibition of divorce in Italy. Whenever possible the Pontiff offers some insult to the titled nobility as loudly as he can, the better to let the socialists, trade-union people and Catholic *progressisti* see that he is not—please—reactionary. They seem unimpressed.

Historians, not to speak of history teachers, make poor prophets, and it would be idle to forecast the end of the current phase of Italy's perennial muddle. The country's editorial writers themselves cannot quite decide whether they are their own grandfathers—Italians of 1922—or whether they are Frenchmen of 1958, waiting for de Gaulle. Both parallels are cited constantly, neither one very helpfully, though, in the absence of both a Duce and a de Gaulle. Most have noted with approval the title of Socialist Eugenio Scalfaro's recent book, *The Autumn of the Republic*. A pessimist will locate Italy today where Spain was in 1936. But this writer is always optimistic, and he hopes that the Italians will be as fortunate as the Greeks in 1967. □



THE BAYH AMENDMENT

The reformers have it all wrong, says Mr. Moe.

*The Electoral College is a bulwark
of our two-party system. Do away with it
and just watch those splinter parties grow*

Let's Keep the Electoral College

RONALD C. MOE

EVERY FEW YEARS, politicians and pundits pound out an old tune on the tom-toms: Abolish the Electoral College. And the beat is especially strong this year, for a man named George Wallace badly scared the leaders of both major parties. In 1968, for some time before the votes actually came in, a third party candidate seemed capable of throwing a Presidential election into the House. And it is the memory of this threat that accounts for much of the fervor for electoral reform today.

This concern is certainly understandable. But it is misdirected. For, as I will attempt to show, three electoral institutions strengthen rather than weaken our two-party system, a system which, people as dissimilar as Hubert Humphrey and Barry Goldwater agree, accounts for the stability of American republican democracy. These three electoral institutions are: the state laws regulating parties; the single-member-district concept for Congress; and the Electoral College.

This two-party system has attracted international attention for decades. Why should America, the most heterogeneous of lands, enjoy the stability and moderation generally associated with a two-party system? Scholars, foreign and domestic, are not entirely persuasive in their attempts to answer this question. Some have argued that a single "cause" has led to the establishment and maintenance of only two parties; others assume that several factors working together have accounted for our dualistic politics. In general, the explanations fall into three groups: dualistic theories; consensus theories; and institutional theories. I prefer the third.

The dualists trace the origins of our



present party system back to the conflicts involving our Founding Fathers. The path is tortuous. Initially, the battle was between the Federalists and Anti-Federalists over the Constitution. Later the lines shifted. The conflict became sectional, first between the financial interests in the East and the agrarian interests of the West, then between the North and the South over slavery. Today, dualists believe, the battle is largely between urban and non-urban interests.

A variation of this historical theme is offered by social scientists who see our dualist politics as the offspring of our national character. Americans somehow like to think in dualistic either/or terms. They purposely shun shades of difference in favor of clear-cut contests between two groups. This tendency toward ideological dualisms

encourages the maintenance of a two-party system. Americans, they contend, take many different positions on a single issue and establish interest groups to promote each view.

The second category of theories revolves around notions of social consensus. Many scholars attempt to explain our party system in terms of widely held social and political norms. Despite our heterogeneous cultural heritage and society, Americans, numerous studies have informed us, share a consensus over the fundamentals that divide many other societies. Virtually all Americans accept the prevailing social, economic and political institutions; they accept the Constitution and its governmental apparatus, the regulated free-enterprise economy and the social class pattern. This consensus is lacking in many other countries where the legitimacy of basic institutions is often questioned. In such countries, multiple-party systems thrive.

Finally, we come to the various institutional theories. Such theories argue that America's heterogeneous society would spawn many parties, not few, without artificial checks. In other words, our two-party system is not a natural outgrowth of American character or history, nor is it a product of some ephemeral consensus. It is the result of our electoral system and our constitutional institutions. The corollary to this argument is that if we were substantially to alter our electoral system we would substantially alter our political party system. They are inseparable.

While the academic fashion is to attribute approximately equal credit to each of these three categories of explanation, I find that no such equal credit is warranted by the evidence. No

doubt there are some supporting factors to be found in the arguments of the dualist and the consensus schools, but these are not determinative. I favor the third theory, for the best available evidence supports the idea that political party systems are electoral artifacts, easily altered by changing the rules of the game, notwithstanding cultural factors which might tend to militate against change.

Encouraging National Parties

Our national parties have been aptly described as loose alliances of state parties. E. E. Schattschneider notes: "Decentralization of power is by all odds the most important single characteristic of the American major party; more than anything else this trait distinguishes it from all others. Indeed, once this truth is understood, nearly everything else about American parties is greatly illuminated. . . ." The Massachusetts and Alabama Democratic parties, for example, bear little family resemblance. The state party systems are, for the most part, products of the various state electoral laws.

In the nineteenth century, states tended to view parties as private groups and made few laws to supervise their activities. Coincident with the progressive movement and its interest in direct primaries, state legislatures began to pass laws regulating parties and elections.

The situation became acute in many states during the 1912 campaign when secessionist Republicans formed the Bull Moose Party and attempted to wrest control of local party apparatuses. In most states it was relatively easy to get on the ballot, thus, Theodore Roosevelt was able to run a strong race against the regular party. The state parties became alarmed and passed a great deal of electoral legislation, the most important having to do with definitions of what constituted a legitimate party.

California provides an excellent example of how state laws encourage the two-party system and discourage the formation of splinter parties. If a group wants to run a candidate for President, it must first constitute itself a party. This means that it must have an enrolled membership of 1 per cent of the total registered voters by January 1 of the year it seeks to hold a primary and run a Presidential candidate. Thus, a

new party cannot be established after the political conventions. This also means that the group has to work hard, well in advance, in order to run a candidate in November.

While the regulations appear rigorous, they are fair and surmountable as attested to by the success of the Peace and Freedom Party and the American Independent Party in 1968. The rules discourage secessionist movements and millionaires trying to buy their way on to the ballot.

The second electoral institution is the single-member district concept as it is applied to congressional elections. The single-member district concept refers to the method by which many countries elect members to their legislatures. It might be more accurately described as the first-past-the-post system. If a nation decides to have territorial units represented in its legislature it must devise a method for apportioning these districts and this, in turn, affects the nominating process of the parties.

In a majority of instances where the single-member district concept prevails, plurality elections are followed. That is, the candidate who receives more votes than any other candidate wins the single seat at stake, even if his vote falls short of a majority.

It is well known that this system produces inaccurate results. A party may receive, for instance, a majority of seats without having received a majority vote from the electorate. Theoretically, at least, the Democrats could receive only 435 more votes than the Republicans nationwide, a minute fraction of 1 per cent, and enjoy complete control over the House, 435-0, if the votes were distributed perfectly among the districts. Realistically, of course, the problem is one of distortion. In 1968, for example, the Republicans, nationally, received 48.9 per cent of the votes cast for all representatives, yet received only 44 per cent of the seats in the House. In fact, since 1932, the Republicans have been under represented in every Congress except the Eightieth (1947-49).

The theory underlying the single-member district concept is best understood when compared with the opposite theory — proportional representation. Under pure proportional representation all votes in the country are tabulated together and the parties are awarded seats according to the percentage of votes received nationally. If the country

had 25 or so parties, as was the situation in the French Fourth Republic (pre-de Gaulle), each party would submit a list of candidates in order of preference and then an agency of the national government would distribute the seats among them according to their relative strength. In a six-hundred member assembly, for example, if an extreme party received only 3 per cent of the votes spread over all the districts, it would still be assured of eighteen seats in the assembly. A party receiving only 3 per cent of the votes nationally in a country operating under the single-member district concept with plurality elections would, in all likelihood, have won no seats in the legislature.

Impossibility of Parity

The point is obvious—proportional representation, or the application of the one-man, one-vote principle to general legislature elections, increases the probability of legislatures composed of many small parties with coalition government required to rule. The weakness of the French Fourth Republic was attributed, in the main, to the plethora of parties and their inability to establish a stable government.

De Gaulle, upon ascension to power, eliminated proportional representation and instituted a single-member district system without, however, including a plurality election clause. Even with run-off elections required (a gimmick to weaken the Communists), most of the minor parties were driven from the scene and the elections came to resemble rather closely their American and British counterparts.

The fact is that it is simply impossible to have an absolute parity of voting power—that is, every man's vote counting equal in the *final* distribution of seats in the legislature—if a nation wants its legislature to represent territorial units. It is equally impossible to have absolute parity of voting power except under a system of national proportional representation and such a system virtually assures a multiparty political system.

The goals of voting parity and the maintenance of a two-party system are, for all practical purposes, incompatible.

The final institutional pillar of our two-party system is the Electoral College. The concept underlying the Electoral College is similar to that of the single-member district system except

that it applies to the Presidency. In effect, just as a congressman cannot be split in half because the opposition party received only a few votes short of the necessary plurality, a state is similarly viewed as indivisible. The unit rule means that all of the state's electoral votes will be cast for the one candidate, and his party, who garnered the greatest number of votes. (The unit rule for voting in the Electoral College is a tradition, not a constitutional requirement. Recently, the legislature of Maine voted to eliminate the unit rule and replace it with a modified congressional district elector plan.)

Importance of Unity

Occasionally, critics will claim that the unit rule serves to disenfranchise the minority. This is false. First, they had an opportunity to vote and win. They did not win, but it does not follow that they were disenfranchised. To lose is not to be disenfranchised.

The race for President is not just another election race. This contest sets the tone for the whole political system. The fact that a party and its Presidential candidate must win more votes than any other candidate in a given state in order to receive any electoral votes means that a high premium is placed on remaining a unified party.

If a party permits its ranks to be split, it loses not just the amount of votes that the dissenters can subtract from the total, but any chance at all for the votes cast by the electors of the state.

Consequently, the stakes are high. Traditionally, the parties have been moderate and pluralistic for they found they lost when they indulged in exclusive ideologies. Both major parties were required to be inclusive in character. "True believers" and congenital reformers, eager to emulate European parties, are constantly annoyed at the non-doctrinaire approach to politics followed by the two parties.

Not only are the two parties required to be moderate and non-doctrinaire, they also are required to be national in orientation and organization. If a party confined its appeal to one section of the country, it might be able to build a majority in the popular vote and still lose in the Electoral College. Parties early found that it really did no good to build up a substantial lead in New York, say, if it meant that Minnesota

and smaller Western states were ignored. They count too.

A Presidential candidate needs only one more vote than any other party to win New York, then the battle has to be shifted to other states. Building a massive plurality in one state, at the expense of attention to other problems and other areas of the country, is not smart politics. The big states, while crucial, do not hold the entire key to the election. Mr. Nixon proved this rather conclusively in 1968.*

The Electoral College, then, provides certain statistical imperatives which steer Presidential politics toward a two-party pattern and moderate national leaders.

All of this is to suggest that our two-party system is no accident; it is *not* peculiarly a product of American "culture" or of some other sociological phenomenon. It is an institutional artifact which we have the option of preserving or destroying. And one of the surest ways to bring on destruction is to abolish the Electoral College.

The debate on reform of the Electoral College has been quite one-sided so far—that is, only the critics have been heard. This is, in part, understandable since virtually everyone today considers himself a critic of one type or another. The Electoral College, so the argument goes, is an anachronism

*Some liberal groups have recently decided that the Electoral College with its unit rule ought to be maintained. Their reasoning is that it benefits the large industrial states wherein certain minority groups can exert maximum influence. Statistically, of course, this is a questionable argument. Because of the present system which provides for a base of three votes per state, every state with a population below the median gains political influence in relation to those states above the median in population. Using the 1960 census and the two most extreme states, Alaska and New York, each elector from Alaska represented 75,389 citizens while each elector from New York represented 390,286 citizens. The unit rule does not change the impact of these statistics. The real significance of the "malapportionment" of electors is that it forces the parties to think and operate in national terms. The greater the spread in appeal of the party, the greater the chance of victory. The election of 1968 is a classic example of how distribution of votes may count for more than sheer numbers. While Nixon and Humphrey were close in the popular vote, Nixon's appeal was more national than Humphrey's so he was able to win one elector per 105,594 votes while Humphrey, whose appeal was largely in a few industrial states, required 163,696 votes to win one elector. Wallace was hampered even more by the limitations imposed by his sectional strength and needed 215,185 votes to receive one electoral vote.

and ought to be abolished before it causes chaos. This is one thing Gore Vidal and Richard Nixon can agree upon. If ever there was consensus on an issue, this is it.

But the first step toward wisdom in matters of electoral structure is to recognize that no electoral system will ever be able to eliminate in advance all chance of confusion and crisis. When we talk about elections, we really talk about one of the oldest problems known to man, succession to power. One of the traditional attractions of a republic as a polity has been its answer to the question of succession. Somehow elections seem a less expensive way to transfer power from one group to another than a clash of arms or interminable palace intrigues.

Recognizing the immensity of the problem, possibly our goal ought to be to devise a system in which the odds against crisis are minimized and the odds of a majority Executive maximized. This was the goal of the Founding Fathers—not the creation of a perfect system with all risks eliminated. They were never utopian.

An Alternative

The unfortunate aspect to our inordinate affection for the present is that it makes it more difficult to raise meaningful questions about our political institutions. The relevant question with regard to the Electoral College, for example, is whether or not the Electoral College performs a useful function toward maintaining the two-party system today, *not* what were the original purposes of the institution or what might have happened in a particular election a century ago if no candidate had received a majority. These kind of questions are of interest to historians, but are, essentially, irrelevant to the contemporary problem of succession to power.

Those who criticize the Electoral College cannot be charged with failure to offer an alternative. In fact, there are many alternative plans being circulated which run from pure proportional representation, to electoral voting according to congressional district, to simple, direct election.

The proposal enjoying the most support at present is the elimination of the Electoral College altogether and the substitution of simple direct election. Modifications have been added, how-

ever, in recent months. A provision generally accepted: If no candidate received 50 per cent of the popular vote in the general election, a second, run-off election would be held between the two candidates who had received the most votes. This proposal has subsequently been further modified so that if no candidate receives 40 per cent of the vote, a run-off election will be held. These modifications are designed to placate those who see the problem of a minority President and multiple parties becoming critical. The above described proposal, herein greatly simplified, is essentially that which both Senator Birch Bayh, Chairman of the Senate Constitutional Amendments Subcommittee, and the American Bar Association have vigorously campaigned for.

Faulty Reasoning

Their political goal, in philosophical terms, is to "have every vote count equally in the final counting process." Is there a price that must be paid in order to achieve this deceptively appealing end? The sponsors answer in the negative. I suggest, to the contrary, that there's a very high price indeed. We had best be aware of it in advance.

The direct election plan is ironic in that it proposes to institutionalize a weakness which it alleges the Electoral College possesses, but which, in reality, the Electoral College has not exhibited since the election of 1824. That flaw, according to political folklore, was that a third candidate, Henry Clay, was able to jockey for personal advantage in determining to whom he would shift his support. The great contemporary fear is that no Presidential candidate will get a majority of the electoral votes and hence the election will go to the House with the third-party candidate holding the critical balance of power. This fear was spelled out in great detail in the newspapers during the 1968 election as they conjured up horror stories about what would happen if the vote were thrown into the House.

Let us look briefly, then, at the cause of this fear: Mr. Wallace and his American Independent Party. It should be noted, at the outset, that it is impossible to ignore any candidate who receives 10, 15 or 20 per cent of the popular vote. He has a right to be heard. The question is: Under what conditions can the influence of a third party be kept minimal while still per-

mitting all votes somehow to count? The fear was that under the current Electoral College system Mr. Wallace would play a maximum role in terms of his voting strength rather than a minimal role.

The reasoning of those who believed this argument was faulty. The Electoral College, far from exaggerating the strength of third parties, minimizes their strength. Also, the Electoral College virtually assures, if we use history as a guide, a majority vote, in terms of electoral votes, to a major party candidate, thus eliminating the uncertainty which follows any run-off election whether popular or in the House.

Under the present system with its unit rule the probability of a majority President, that is, one cloaked with the legitimacy of over 50 per cent of the popular as well as electoral vote, is very high. If ever the system were to fail us, it should have been in 1968. The two major parties were evenly split with a strong third party, having a national base, challenging their hegemony. Why was the Wallace effort so unsuccessful?

It was unsuccessful because, and not in spite, of the Electoral College's unit rule. The functioning of the unit rule exhibits many subtle manifestations. It is not merely a mechanical process applied by the commentators on election night. It also influences how people will vote in the first place. Under direct election Mr. Wallace's vote would no doubt have been substantially greater, for then his votes would have been cumulated nationally. Many people realized that to vote for Wallace, as their first choice, was, in most states, wasting a vote since he would not gain a plurality in the state. Hence, they voted for one of the two major candidates. The unit rule, therefore, has an anticipatory impact on the voting decision of the individual citizen.

The Electoral College assures, in virtually every case, that a majority President is elected in the first instance thus permitting the President to begin his job without the question of his legitimacy being raised. Is not the strength of our political system explained principally in terms of the stability of our succession process? The Electoral College permits us to settle the problem of Presidential selection quickly and bestow legitimacy on the man who captured enough states to win a majority of electoral votes.

The Electoral College is "undemocratic" only if we are willing to brand all forms of indirect selection of officials or distortions of the one-man, one-vote principle by definition as "undemocratic." Our Founding Fathers offered no such definition. They contended that they had established a "popular government," with "republic" and "democracy," as understood in the terms of the participants, being equally valid species of this genus. A republic, or rule by indirect participation, is a valid form of popular government. The Electoral College, while not democratic in the narrow sense, is surely within the intellectual framework of popular government and its sub-type, the republic. The Electoral College, with its traditional unit rule, is a subtle, yet effective method of keeping the politics of the Presidency, and hence, to a large degree, of our parties, within manageable proportions.

Pillars of Stability

The indirect selection process of the Electoral College insures that splinter or third parties will have great difficulty in gaining sufficient strength to be decisive in the final outcome. Under any of the proposals, whether for direct election, proportional representation of electors or the host of variations on these two themes, the third party (in 1968, the American Independent Party) would have been permitted to exercise maximum leverage.

Under direct election, Mr. Wallace's strength would no doubt have reached that which the polls indicated he enjoyed prior to election day. If this assumption is correct—even with the 40 per cent requirement—a run-off election would have had to have been held with Wallace and his party providing the crucial swing factor.

In other words, the reformers want to rid us of a system which discourages splinter parties and which minimizes the odds of non-majority Presidents. They want to substitute instead a system whereby splinter parties and candidates will have maximum influence. We will change from a situation in which crisis is possible but unlikely, to a situation in which it might be chronic.

Few words cause more intellectual confusion than the word "reform." When someone says he wants to "re-
(Continues on page 375)

THE Strategic Arms Limitations Talks enter a new and critical phase as U.S. and Soviet negotiators meet in Vienna. President Nixon has said that the American negotiating team will move from "a discussion of basic principles and objectives"—the purpose of the Helsinki meeting—to "more specific positions." At this writing, the same U.S. negotiating team fielded at Helsinki will be in action in Vienna. This isn't encouraging, for two members of the team—Paul Nitze and Dr. Harold Brown—were high-ranking aides of former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, the man largely responsible for the loss of American nuclear arms superiority in the 1960s. Nixon said in his State of the World report that "we will make a determined effort throughout these negotiations to reach agreements that will not only protect our national security but actually enhance it." But on a careful reading, the President's comments on the preparations for the SALT talks—drafted, no doubt, by his civilian national security advisers—reflect a narrow technician's approach to arms control and emphasize "what might prove negotiable." This may sound reasonable to some people but one has to bear in mind that the negotiations at Vienna will not be with a friendly nation eager to find a business-like solution to an international problem. The Soviets have a tradition of militant diplomacy. In their view, the conference table is simply another battlefield.

The U.S. delegation certainly should not entertain any notion that moderate influences are at work inside the Soviet government that would result in a constructive position at Vienna. Leo Muray, a frequent British commentator on Soviet affairs, recently warned: "President Nixon may find that the men in the Kremlin he wants to seriously negotiate with when the SALT talks begin in Vienna have disappeared as suddenly as de Gaulle disappeared a few months after Mr. Nixon's contact visit to Paris." Mr. Muray reports that "a hardline faction is in ascendance," which includes Marshal Grechko, the defense minister; Yuri Andropov, chief of the political police, and Gen. Yepishev, chief political commissar of the armed forces.

Unfortunately, the Soviet reality continues to be ignored by influential elements in the United States. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, in a characteristic

liberal comment on the SALT talks, insists it detects "what appears to be a strong and urgent signal from the Soviets," indicating a willingness to settle for a freeze on strategic weapons. The *Post-Dispatch* also stresses what it describes as "the evident civility of the Soviet negotiators."

A similarly obstinate refusal to acknowledge obvious cold war realities is to be found in the halls of Congress. For example, Rep. Donald M. Fraser (D., Minn.) recently urged "quick action in Vienna to head off the development of MIRVs (multiple warhead missiles) and ABM systems." Congressman Fraser is one of six members of the House of Representatives designated by the Speaker as advisers to the U.S. delegation to the Disarmament Conference in Geneva this year. Though Congress supported the President's Safeguard ABM plan, Rep. Fraser will make representations at Geneva directly contrary to the expressed will of Congress.

Even more disturbing is the position adopted by Sen. Mike Gravel (D., Alaska). In a Senate speech, he urged that U.S. negotiators at Vienna propose what he called an "in-place halt" of weapons development. "An 'in-place halt,'" he said, "would preserve the rough parity in strategic weapons that is acknowledged by both sides, and therefore would not jeopardize the security of the United States or the Soviet Union." This is a misstatement of fact, for the Soviets now enjoy a lead in the numbers and size of nuclear weapons. An "in-place halt" would simply confirm the Soviet Union's position as the foremost nuclear power. Nevertheless, the Gravel proposal may turn out to be the proposal favored by defeatist elements in the United States. One can be sure that these elements intend to make the White House and the U.S. SALT delegation feel strong pressure for concessions to the USSR.

It's extremely unlikely that the U.S. delegation at Vienna will bow to such

pressure. The real danger seems to lie on the verification front. That is to say, U.S. negotiators may be tempted to rely on unilateral, electronic means of verifying an agreement with the Soviets. It is imperative, therefore, that informed citizens insist that no agreement be concluded without on-site inspection. The Soviets have been adamant against on-site inspection, to be sure, but an agreement without this provision would be a worthless scrap of paper.

AMERICAN NEGOTIATORS—and the people at home—should also bear in mind the secretly developed Soviet "interceptor-inspector-destroyer" satellite known as Cosmos 248. It is capable of destroying orbiting American satellites and spacecraft. Disclosure of this new space weapon was made after the Helsinki SALT talks were concluded. The central fact to bear in mind is that the Cosmos 248 tests were successfully conducted in total secrecy. The tests were masked while U.S. detection gear was concentrated on the Apollo 7 and Soyuz 7 missions. This means that the U.S. cannot rely on electronic devices to detect Soviet tests of advanced weapons. The Soviets apparently are confident that they could secretly test multiple warhead missiles (MIRVs) even after signing an agreement not to conduct such tests. Thus the secret Cosmos 248 tests clearly illustrate the fact that on-site inspection is a "must." In the absence of inspection of Soviet military and space installations by U.S. observers, no disarmament agreement with the Soviets can be accepted as effective by the American people. If U.S. negotiators at Vienna settle for an agreement without ironclad provision for on-site inspection, they will compromise the security of the United States. Indeed on-site inspection itself would not be foolproof unless inspectors were free to probe into every nook and cranny of the Soviet Union. □

AT VIENNA

The SALT Talks: Round Two

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Radiation Phobia

THEODORE R. BLEDSOE M.D.

NOT LONG AGO I examined a child for possible hip disease. When I asked its young mother to bring the child back for a repeat X-ray (a perfectly routine practice), she burst into tears. By questioning her I found out she was convinced that the X-rays I had already taken were going to harm her child. She told me her child had already received too many X-rays, and that she had "read all about the damage done to people by X-rays." This young woman was a child during the great fallout scare of the 1950s; soon she may forget about X-rays in her fear of radiation from the ABM.

The consumer advocate Ralph Nader has written (*Ladies Home Journal*, May 1968) that "there have long been reports that too many Americans are endangered every day by excessive doses of radiation from medical and dental X-rays. Now, however, there is evidence that at least 90 per cent of the X-radiation administered to U.S. patients is actually unnecessary. . . ."

Reckless as it is, Mr. Nader's article is a masterpiece of its kind. He does not bother to document his rather remarkable statements, perhaps because the supporting data he might have cited are of highly questionable veracity. Horror stories make good reading under the hair dryer.

The *Journal* may have had a twinge or two of conscience about publishing Mr. Nader's piece. Buried in the back pages of the same issue is a rebuttal by Dr. Richard H. Chamberlain, an international authority on radiation safety, who states that Mr. Nader's article "does not give a true impression of the situation." The *Journal* might also have noted that Dr. Chamberlain testified before the U.S. Senate Commerce Committee that same month that "almost every fact in the (Nader) article was taken out of context. . . . To scare people in this way is one of the most tragic things in medicine." Mr. Nader's broadside is only one in an apparently unending stream of magazine

and newspaper articles designed to terrify the average lay reader with the alleged hazards of ionizing radiation. A few years ago the eminent chemist Linus Pauling stated flatly that atmospheric nuclear testing was producing enough radioactive fallout to cause thousands of deformed or aborted births. (The thesis that radioactive fallout causes damage to the fetus has never been proved, nor are the arguments for it persuasive, but this did not prevent Dr. Pauling from expounding it as fact.)

This tendency to fudge on facts and figures to impress the lay public about the "hazards" of radiation is still in evidence. A recent issue of *Esquire* contains an article provocatively entitled "The Death of All Children," by Dr. Ernest J. Sternglass, Professor of Radiation Physics at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sternglass attempts to prove that an alleged rise in fetal and infant mortality in certain areas of the United States has been the direct result of early atmospheric tests of nuclear weapons. Upon this thesis he builds an even more tenuous one with which he, ultimately, belabors the proposed deployment of the ABM.

Implicit in much of the scare literature about radiation is the idea of a vast conspiracy on the part of the government, the medical profession and other professional groups to cover up the damage done, or the dangers threatening, the public from exposure to radiation. In fact, governmental agencies such as the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Center for Radiological Health, and professional organizations like the American College of Radiology have been trying for years to educate the public in radiation safety.

There are potential hazards in the use of ionizing radiation, and the public deserves to know about them. But the public should be enlightened and not frightened. What happened to change an indifferent public into an apprehensive one? The development of

the atomic bomb and the subsequent launching of the powerful anti-atomic-weapons campaign have had a lot to do with it.

Despite the fact that conventional weaponry killed and maimed thousands more Japanese than did the two atomic bombs, Hiroshima and Nagasaki became symbolic in the public mind of wholesale, indiscriminate slaughter. Dire predictions of what the atomic bombings would do to the genetic makeup of the Japanese were widely circulated. As expected, there was a rise in the incidence of leukemia and related blood disorders among those Japanese exposed to large but sublethal doses of radiation; but there is no evidence that the genetic makeup of the Japanese has been altered.

Since radiation is associated with atomic weaponry, *all* radiation, whatever its uses, has become suspect in the public mind as insidious, immoral, dangerous, a threat to well-being. The press and other groups and individuals who are in a position to correct the public's distorted ideas about radiation have failed to do so.

Complete protection from all exposure to radiation is impossible—and, for all we know, undesirable. All living creatures are normally exposed to "background radiation" from the earth's crust and cosmic rays. Atomic fallout, which the public has been frightened into believing has deformed and killed, has according to authoritative studies been responsible for less than 1 per cent of the dosage one receives from naturally occurring background radiation.

THE KEY QUESTION about radiation is whether or not the good to be gained from any new exposure outweighs the potential harm of such exposure. Such questions as the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons and the deployment of new weapons systems like the ABM should be viewed in this light. Is it worth the increased exposure (real, not conjectured) to keep our offensive and defensive nuclear readiness at least equal to that of our enemies? The question can be answered only in the light of an objective calculation of the exposure involved—a calculation which should be presented to the public calmly and clearly enough to stand out from the "background radiation" of hysteria and hokum. □



IN RE PROFESSOR ZOLL: II—DEFENSE OF THE REPUBLIC

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES Professor Zoll [*NR*, March 10] will allow us only two alternative fates in the years ahead—either the “insurrectionary tyranny of the Left” or the “primitivistic and irrational retaliations of the Right.” And the only role he projects for conservatives, besides opposition to the Left, is to “moderate the potential excesses of a right-wing radicalism.” He goes on to sum up his acceptance of this dilemma as “Toryism,” a remarkable distortion of history, for he would have “Tories” limit themselves to the gentle ministrations of a von Papen or a Hindenburg, ameliorating the excesses of barbarian right-wing radicalism—predictably, with as much success.

It is possible that some day such a harsh and fruitless choice might face Americans; then moral men would have to act as moral Europeans acted faced with the choice between fascism and Communism. But we are far from such a choice. Professor Zoll can congratulate himself upon his “realism and hard-mindedness” and castigate the rest of us for living in “illusion” only by using one of the hoariest tricks in the debater’s kit, the fallacy of the false dilemma.

OUR CHOICE is patently not limited to his two alternatives. The obvious and desirable course for Americans is the preservation of our constitutional republic by restoring the rule of law and the authority of our institutions. Professor Zoll does not argue that this is an impossibility; he simply ignores the alternative, in order to construct his radical dilemma.

That this is possible, that the resources for recovery exist within our Constitution and our society, I will argue in a moment. But before doing so, it is worth inquiring why Professor Zoll ignores this alternative. Partly I

think it is because of his misunderstanding of social order and of the relationship of order and freedom, which I discussed in the last issue of *NATIONAL REVIEW*. Partly also it would seem to derive from his unconcealed contempt for the American tradition. To call a reference to “the tradition of the Constitution and the Founding Fathers,” “stentorian platitudes,” which he finds “repelling,” displays either contempt or an invincible ignorance of the Constitution itself, the *Federalist Papers* and the massive record left by those who founded the Republic. I challenge Professor Zoll to find any educated American conservative for whom these phrases do not have a substantial meaning. No, it is not because the Republic is beyond defense that Professor Zoll omits its preservation from his alternatives. It is because he is hostile (as he makes clear throughout his articles) to its tradition of freedom under law and ordered civility.

The men who met at Philadelphia in 1787 were not abstract liberal ideologues innocent of the role of power in history. They were fully aware—indeed that awareness was a major cause of their coming together—that no polity can continue to exist if it does not have the means of preserving the social order against the endemic forces of disorder that lie beneath the surface in every civilization. The Constitution they forged, together with the constitutions of the states, provided all the necessary means to preserve a free social order.

A word is necessary here on freedom, since it is sometimes interpreted today in such a way as to make any order impossible. Freedom, as the Founding Fathers understood it and as American conservatives understand it, has nothing to do with substantive privileges; it has nothing to do with education or unemployment or welfare—or any form of equality. Nor does it mean the absolute right to do as one pleases. It means the right to be free from coer-

cion, so long as one does not interfere with the freedom of others and does not give aid and comfort to the would-be destroyers, domestic or foreign, of the social order on which freedom is based.

TO PRESERVE our republican social order, no radical extra-Constitutional steps are necessary. The Constitution and the laws on our statute books are generally sufficient, if they are enforced. At the most one or two additional interpretations, statutory or judicial, of the Constitution might be necessary. The sort of measures needed to re-establish order can be easily envisaged. Given the will to defend the Republic, they can be invoked; and, however startling they may seem in the present intellectual climate, they are certainly within the purview of the Constitution.

A few suggestions in this direction to indicate what can be done without a radical attack upon our established institutions:

Prosecution of all organizations (and their members) that stand for revolutionary attack upon our Constitutional institutions. Quick and decisive police action against all demonstrative assemblages attempting extra-legally to overawe political or private institutions, and the prosecution of participants under the relevant statutes for preservation of civil peace. (Our present state of civil peril may well make it necessary to ban all outdoor assemblages of a demonstrative nature, since they are avowedly directed toward overawing representative politics and thereby do not fall within the Constitutional right “peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.”) The ending of social-worker and psychiatric attitudes toward crime; the full enforcement of criminal law; and reform of the probation system. All requisite increase and strengthening

(Continues on page 373)



CULTURAL UNDERSTANDING

FROM THE ACADEMY

In the typical high school, the typical social studies program is a dismal failure nowadays; one finds all sorts of evidence for that. The gain in knowledge or interest (in history, government or "problems of democracy") is negligible for the average student; and some of the better students appear to be alienated from the civil social order, in consequence of the boring and repetitious character of most social studies programs.

Along with other contributors to a recent number of the *Harvard Educational Review*, your servant suggested a number of reforms in this field. Among these was my proposal that it might be very well, particularly for the better students, to introduce a course in the history of ideas, or the history of civilization—offering something for the imagination and intellect, and certainly affording a broader and more lively prospect than does the representative "civics" course (which, under various titles, most high school students are compelled to take over and over again).

We need to know the culture in which we move and breathe and have our being; and that culture is far larger than American political institutions or sociological "current problems." This point is made strongly by Professor Christopher Dawson in *The Crisis of Western Education*:

The American way of life was built on a threefold tradition of freedom—political, economic and religious—and if the new secularist forces were to subjugate these freedoms to a monolithic technological order, it would destroy the foundations on which American culture was based. The American way of life can only maintain its character within the general framework of Western Christian culture. If this relation is lost, something essential to the life of the nation will be lost, and American democracy itself will become subordinated to the technological order.

To Mr. Dawson's lucid book, there are appended "Specific Programs for the Study of Christian Culture," prepared by Mr. John J. Mulloy. Dawson and Mulloy mean by "Christian Culture" much what Chateaubriand meant by "The Genius of Christianity"—that is, not Christian faith, but the civilization that has grown out of Christian theological and philosophical roots. Whether or not we are Christian, we ignore Christian culture (making up the larger part of what is described as Western civilization) only at the price of wandering bewildered in a society seemingly a random conglomeration of customers, institutions and interests.

Now I find that Mr. Mulloy has been applying his principles at Philadelphia's Central High School, an institution where all students are chosen, from throughout the city, for superior ability and grades. What Mr. Mulloy is doing there, might be done at superior high schools in many cities.

"The course in which I have done most of my experimenting," Mr. Mulloy writes me, "had been one called World Culture—in the tenth grade. This is flexible enough to allow me to choose a particular Oriental culture or a particular period of Western culture (going back, that is, to the Greeks) for a unit, and then develop an understanding of this culture or period, not simply through the text (which I use rather infrequently) but through a) books of interpretation and b) source selections from the writers of that culture.

"For example, in studying China I use the text for a general approach, and then use also a book like Creel's *Chinese Thought*, and put into the hands of the students selections from Confucius and the Taoists to supplement the Creel volume." He employs selections from serious authors. "In dealing with the medieval period, one year, I used McNeill's *Rise of the West*, Mumford's *City in History*, Lucas' *Short History of Civilization*, and por-

tions of Dawson's books. I also used selections from Chaucer, Langland, Dante and Aquinas to indicate something of the world of thought.

"My approach is thus a synthetic one, and I assume that the study of world history in the ninth grade will have given the student a grasp of the fundamental facts, so that I can begin to deal with interpretations of them. I also find that it is difficult for me to teach unless I make use of sources, and here the emphasis is not so much upon economic and political facts as upon those giving expression to ideas and values.

"Another course I have just given," Mr. Mulloy continues, "is in the twelfth grade, and is called Contemporary European History. Here also I try to stress the role of ideas and values. For example, I took as my opening this past year selections from Dawson's first chapter of *The Movement of World Revolution* and Barraclough's *History in a Changing World*, to give different views of the significance of Europe for the future of world history. I then went back to the eighteenth century to suggest the conflict between revolution and tradition, by taking selections from Rousseau's *Social Contract* and from Edmund Burke.

"After that we did a fairly intensive unit on the Victorian period, drawing upon C. F. Harrold for interpretation, and upon a wide range of prose writers and poets for their reaction to different issues."

THIS COURSE had units, also, on Russian writers of the nineteenth century; the development of Communism, fascism and nazism; and on culture in the twentieth century, emphasizing T. S. Eliot and D. H. Lawrence.

Mr. Mulloy's students find such challenges to the intellect more lively than visits to the municipal sewage works, or harangues on the iniquity of the President of the United States. □



LA DOLCE DINING

AS MY READERS know from previous Delectations, spending lots of money in posh New York restaurants does not mean that you get the food, the service and the ambiance that you came for. However, there are two very elegant, very expensive New York restaurants that won't disappoint you in your quest of La Dolce Dining, if you can and will pay for it. The bill for dinner for four, with drinks and wine, can easily run from \$100 to \$150 or so (without tip) as it did recently at La Seine; The Four Seasons is not as expensive. But then, we had several bottles of expensive wine at La Seine. If this makes you blanch, don't go; it's a free country.

Since it opened in 1959, The Four Seasons, 99 East 52 Street, has become a legend, because of the totally original concept of a lavish décor of flowers, shrubs and trees that changes with the seasons. In quarters in Philip Johnson's austere beautiful bronze-colored Seagram Building, more suited to the mating of financial empires than human dining, and tied down by all sorts of architect's regulations as to table layout, tablecloths and non-tablecloths and the like, Joe Baum (the head of Restaurant Associates who singlehandedly invented a whole new style of restaurant décor and food which has changed the restaurant business in America), transformed it into the most exciting and contemporary and extravagant restaurant, with splendid throwaway spaces in foyers, stairs and balconies, and a large indoor pool in the main dining room. The Four Seasons also put first-class art on its walls; Picassos, Miro's and a changing display of avant-garde artists in the downstairs foyer. Though surreptitious hand-holding is not an activity you'd associate with The Four Seasons, the place does anything but oppress. On the contrary, the spirit soars in all that lovely expanse of space, height and greenery.

La Seine, on the other hand, is intimate, but spaciouly so, done in a sort

of Belle Epoque brought up to date, which is totally ravishing. It must be one of the prettiest restaurants there ever was, with a non-commercial foyer and bar done up in greens and blues, and a blaze of red on the walls and banquettes in the dining rooms. The red is as becoming to the authentic French masters (modern) who hang on them as to the ladies who sit against them. As in The Four Seasons, the tables are well-spaced for privacy and elegance, which is not so in most New York luxury restaurants. Sitting there, you really get a feeling of dining in the grand French manner, French as in France, *not* as in New York adaptations. All details are *soignés* in the place (open for just one year); I was pleased with properly ironed tablecloths, rather than what emerges from the commercial laundry's mangle as in other luxury New York restaurants.

There is a world of difference in the menus of the two places. At La Seine the menu follows the strictly classical French haute cuisine line, as it should. But comparing it to an equivalent place in France, the menu is strangely limited. There are specialties, such as Duck Terrine; imported fish like Loup de Mer, Turbot and Dover Sole; Roast Duck, Chicken in Champagne, Roast Lamb, and seasonal things like asparagus, and they all are exquisitely prepared and served. But a dissonant note can also creep in: At one dinner, the pommes soufflés were not as crisp and not soaked in totally fresh fat as they should be. But still, the food is exquisite, and this comes out in dishes like kidney and roast chicken. On the other hand, anybody in France willing to spend that money (such as at Grand Vefours, Tour d'Argent and other restaurants) would expect to be able to order by far more things from the menu than you can at La Seine. When I questioned about this, I was told that a larger menu would not permit the total freshness of the ingredients. Since only a few orders of such specialties as

brains or sweetbreads would be placed, and you could not predict how many, you would have to buy far more than you would use up. What this comes down to, though the exquisitely polite La Seine people did not say so, is that Americans are far more conservative eaters than the French, who do not think of steak as the *ne plus ultra* of gastronomical happiness, and that it is not a restaurant's business to educate its customers.

At The Four Seasons, however, the attitude is different. The choice is great and, apart from the classics, you can get, in winter, such specialties as Snow Hare with Red Cabbage, Quail with Chestnut Puree, Striped Bass in Flaming Fennel, Snails in Pots Dijonnaise, Beef Marrow in Bouillon or Cream and Moussake, as well as Mange Tout peas, zucchini and hearts of palm. The Four Seasons has 81 entrées, against 55 at La Seine. Director Paul Kovi's explanation of this is that it is perfectly possible to be diversified and still pristinely fresh, and that people are interested in new and different dishes. To give them to the customers and still come out right financially is a matter of management. And the customers are content, even when at times a sauce is too bland, a mousse not warm enough or a steak poivre flamed with too much abandon. But here too, as at La Seine, the staff is anxious to please and to make any wanted adjustments.

I DO NOT FEEL GRATEFUL that the staff at both restaurants is thoroughly competent and on its toes. But things in New York luxury restaurants have gone so far that one remarks with pleasure that the staffs of both The Four Seasons and La Seine do not suffer from that despicable waiter snobbishness for which faces should be ground with stiletto heels. It is nice to know that there are two luxury restaurants in New York where you will be welcome, without having to say

(Continues on page 375)

BOOKS ARTS MANNERS

'The Kids'

JEFFREY HART

In America, George Santayana once said, "issues" aren't faced or resolved; they simply become unfashionable and boring, and then are forgotten. That this is so attests, I suppose, to the enormous strength of the system, for some of the issues do have some substance—though in the end they don't seem to matter much. During the past decade or so, one issue after another has occupied center stage, had its moment in the spotlight, much as if they were so many performers on Ed Sullivan's television show. But where are the issues of yesterday?

Where is SANE, so prominent in 1958-59? Who remembers C. P. Snow predicting in a *Commentary* symposium of that era the imminent, certain, end of the world through nuclear holocaust? Though the Bomb is still there, it was elbowed off the stage as an issue by—Selma! Bull Connor! Civil Rights did a turn. Then Poverty. For the first time since the nineteenth century the Indians were hunted again, this time not by cavalry with Smith and Wessons but by CBS crews with tapes and zoom lenses. Then there was the Urban Problem. Everyone from Jane Jacobs and Howard Mumford to Norman Mailer was writing about transportation, the neighborhood and such things. Harvey Cox even cooked up a Pop Theology based on his vision of urban conditions. Naturally, he's now tossed it overboard. Then Grapes, then Vietnam and, shouldering that aside, stealing the scene, the University Revolution. Just now it's Ecology.

We may have reached the stage where issues of all kinds, even issues possessing genuine substance, are widely perceived and consumed as entertainment. Quietly, and in the ordinary way, Negroes are making large advances; but how much more "interesting" are Malcolm X, Eldridge Cleaver, and—"Panthers." Much has been done and is being done on the highly technical matter of California's water reserves. But how much more photogenic, how much more available to pop ecologists, is the People's Park.

Now students actually do still exist. Not students as a problem or as a menacing class apart, but students as

I see them daily in my classes—students of literature. They are decent and for the most part reasonable fellows, who like poems and novels, and enjoy talking about them. I myself do entertain deep doubts about their capacity for decision and serious responsibility—but then, of course, *someone*, if not they, will run the world. They are withal not the "student" of the modish "problem." If there is a problem here it is deep and structural, and involves the failure of the United States, as a consequence of its egalitarianism and social mobility, to develop a governing class that has the confidence in itself necessary to run an empire; and I myself doubt that an empire can be maintained without the talents and the authority of such a governing class.

THE FOUR BOOKS before us are not, really, awfully serious; they would not exist without the "student problem" as popularly perceived; and even as they appear, the consumers of culture have lost interest in the students and are talking about the pollution of Lake Erie. Perhaps, after all, only television can really keep abreast of issues when they are perceived as entertainment.

This is not to say that the books are not of varying merit, not that some of

Movement and Revolution

By Peter L. Berger and Richard J. Neuhaus Doubleday, \$5.95

In the Country of the Young

By John Aldridge Harper, \$5.00

Our Time Is Now

Edited by John Birmingham

Praeger, \$5.95

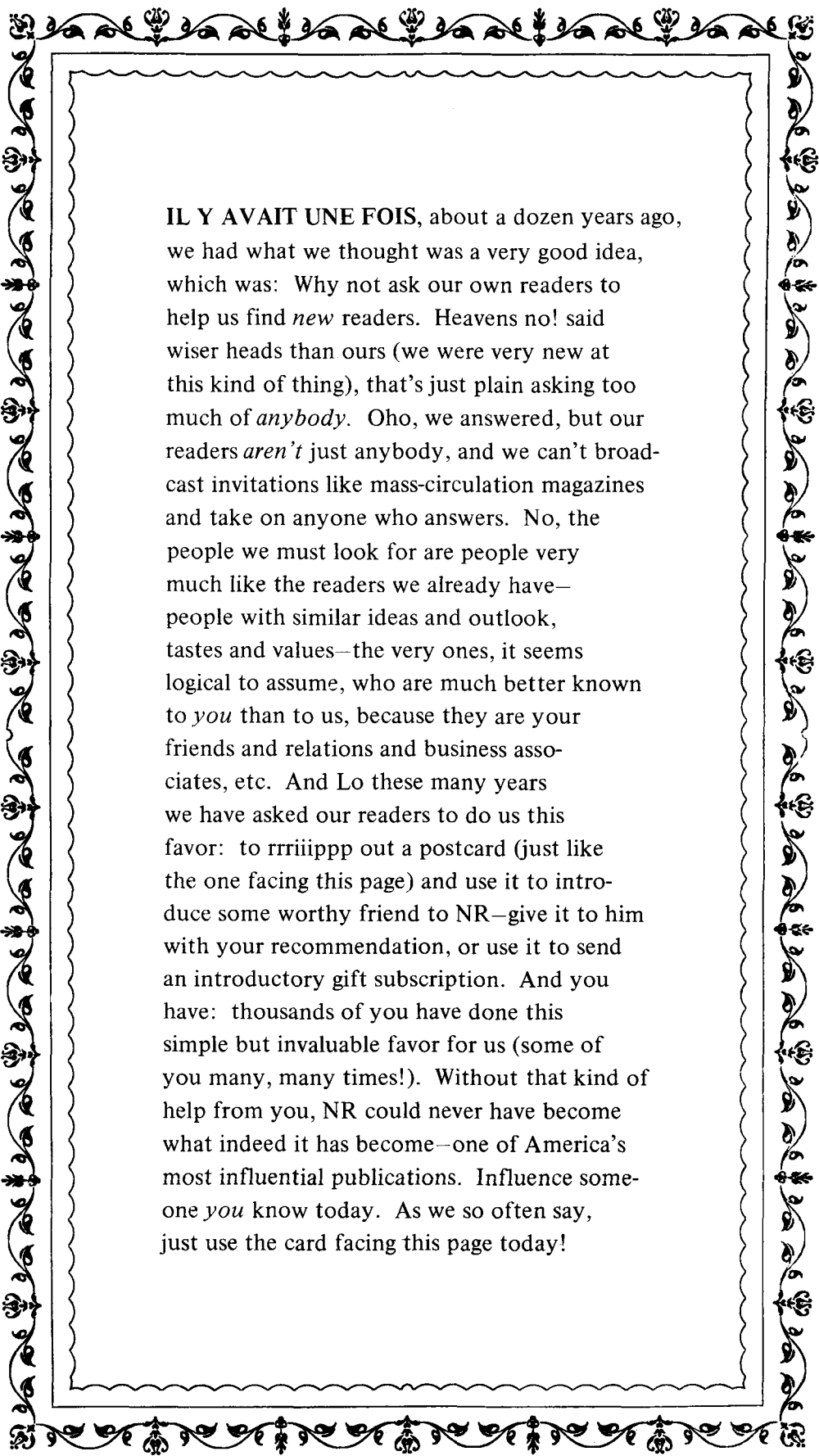
Natural Enemies

Edited by Alexander Klein

Lippincott, \$8.95

them do not contain good things. One fantastic volume, however, caricatures the whole thing. *Natural Enemies: Youth and the Clash of Generations*, which is about the size of the large *Roger's Thesaurus*, contains statements about the youth problem by 79 writers, e.g., John Lindsay, who is a writer presumably on the basis of having written for this volume. Otherwise, it's the Big Tent: Stravinsky, Joan Baez, Gene McCarthy, Ben Spock, Rollo May, Toynbee, Beatle Lennon, Bobby Himself, Buckminster Fuller, Galbraith, Ginsberg, Haim Ginott, Harry Golden, La Sontag, Richard Schickel (the editor's brother-in-law?), Mailer, and—IKE. Though there are some good things, if one person reads it from cover to cover, I'll eat it from cover to cover. Remember: This book was once a tree, maybe a Redwood.

ANOTHER of the four purports to be a sort of dialogue on youth and revolution by a sociologist, Peter Berger, and a glorious cliché-revolutionary Lutheran parson: is he relevant, man, and with it—he even has a beard. The sociologist is bright enough, and has a number of acute things to say. The trouble is that he has been browbeaten and bulldozed and ends up so spiritually grubby. Tugging his forelock in order to get a hearing from what he conceives of as respectable opinion, he ritualistically denounces the Vietnam war as a moral outrage. Who knows,



IL Y AVAIT UNE FOIS, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrrriipp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

tugging forelock, he may even believe this.

The one book that really deserves to be read is John Aldridge's *In the Country of the Young*. Aldridge is a good literary critic, and maybe even an important one; he teaches at Michigan, and he is sore as hell. His anger is a mode of vision, issuing in precise analysis, and it is also, *qua* anger, a liberating force. The student involved in radical movements, he says, for example, has at least one important advantage over the one involved in football and fraternity life: "Popular opinion has sanctified it as a worthy, even a heroic cause. Students with only marginal interests in anything else can therefore give themselves up to it not only without feeling guilty or frivolous but with the pious conviction that they are doing something far more valuable—and certainly far more 'relevant'—than merely training their minds, and something also which requires no special talent or mental capacity beyond a certain talent for indignation and the power to be vigorously inarticulate while trying to express it." Aldridge has written a fine bit of analysis and denunciation, and he is generally perfectly correct in his conclusions. The importance of the book is limited only by the unimportance of its subject matter; he hasn't exactly broken a butterfly upon a wheel, but he has brought to bear on the creatures found under an overturned rock one of the more acute and refined literary intelligences of our time.

ALDRIDGE'S BOOK has, however, a symptomatic importance. A substantial portion of liberal academic opinion is livid with rage at the pop revolution among the students. In this vein, see not only Aldridge but the important article in the current *Encounter* by Berkeley's Robert Nisbet entitled "Who Killed the Student Revolution?"

Our Time Is Now is a collection of articles from the high school underground press and is edited by someone named John Birmingham, himself just out of high school. If you have a cast-iron stomach, are not at the moment on a small boat, and are at least three hours removed from your nearest meal, you might hazard a look at the photograph of Birmingham which appears on the dustjacket. The next anarchic thrust, one gathers, is due to come in the big urban high schools, and, who can tell, it may finish off the public school system altogether. □

Wellington: The Years of the Sword
By Elizabeth Longford

Harper, \$10.00

THE IRON DUKE

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Last year was the two hundredth anniversary of the births, within a few weeks of each other, of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington. As though destiny had been writing the script of an epic drama, their lives drew gradually together. In character they were most unlike, but one thing they had in common: They must both be ranked among the greatest military commanders of all time. In Spain Wellington defeated the best of Napoleon's marshals, but it looked as though the two principals would never meet: and

then unexpectedly, as if by a final *coup de théâtre*, they confronted each other in a climactic set-piece battle on which the future of Europe, perhaps of the world, depended. It was, as the Duke said afterwards, "a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life." And, thinking over the events of that fateful day, he admitted—and he was the least boastful of men—"By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there!"

To celebrate the anniversary of the Duke's birth, Lady Longford has produced the first volume of a sumptuous two-part biography, *Wellington: The Years of the Sword*. Like her previous book, the life of Queen Victoria, it is beautifully written: and, just as she contrived, though herself a Socialist, an intellectual, by no means the sort of woman of whom the Queen would have approved, to draw a marvelously

RANDOM NOTES

■ The trendy *New English Bible*—sans all those incomprehensible verbal archaisms—is out. And while the publishers (the combined presses of Oxford and Cambridge Universities) have not succeeded in eliminating all the tediously un-chic references to God et al. that so badly spoiled the book's predecessor, they have managed to produce a book that will most certainly whet the appetites of the swinging new theologians. This relevant new Bible, complete with Apocrypha, can be had for a meager \$9.95. . . . Slightly less relevant—but also beautiful—are the Pamplona Bibles, to be published in facsimile this June by Yale. These masterpieces of the Romanesque period in Spain, originally prepared for King Sancho el Fuerte of Navarra, will bring joy to any reader capable of spending \$175 on a book. . . . And if you think that's expensive, Da Capo Books, in cooperation with Theatrum Orbis Terrarum of Amsterdam, are reprinting Alexander von Humboldt's 20 volume classic, *Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales de Nouveau Continent*—for \$9,000.

■ Professor Colin Clark, long one of the leading advocates of Catholic orthodoxy in the field of population control, has finally collected all his thoughts on the subject, in a damning study of birth control, *Starvation or Plenty* (Secker and Warburg, 30 shillings). Clark's striking thesis: The more people in the world, the more food in the world. . . . For Clark's critics, David and Kennedy have written *Birth Control in America, the Career of Margaret Sanger* (Yale, \$8.75, mid-April).

. . . And that's not enough, you can also read Father Bernard Haring's *A Theology of Protests* (Farrar, \$5.95) a *Summa Contra Catholica*.

■ Remember the old arsenal of democracy? So does John Stanley Baumgartner in his new book, *The Lonely Warriors: The Case for the Military-Industrial Complex* (Nash, April, \$6.95). . . . Pat Moynihan and a host of distinguished sociologists endeavor to shed some light on the urban malaise in *Toward a National Urban Policy* (Basic Books, \$7.95). Watch out for angry petitions denouncing this book.

■ Jerome Tuccille, clutching a battered copy of Herbert Spencer tightly to his bosom, denounces the "Christian-oriented . . . repressive conservatism" of *NR* in *Radical Libertarianism: A Right-Wing Alternative* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5, May). . . . and Paul Goodman discusses that sin for which God destroyed the cities of the plain in *The New Reformation: Notes of Neolithic Conservative* (Random House, \$5.95). *NR*'s palaeolithic conservative readers will find much common ground with the old radical in this volume, which will be ready for May Day distribution.

■ Among this month's important new books are: Raymond Aron's *Tocquevillean An Essay on Freedom* (World, \$7.95); *Blackthink: My Life as a Black Man and a White Man*, a moderate and intelligent book by the great athlete and gentleman, Jesse Owens (Morrow, \$5.95) and *Revolutionary Nonviolence*, an exploitation book by Hanoi apologist and overaged Yippie David Dellinger (Bobbs-Merrill, \$7.50).

sympathetic picture of Queen Victoria, so now she paints Wellington, the epitome of conservatism, in glowing colors and describes his battles—especially Waterloo, with which this volume ends—as skilfully and lucidly as any military historian.

BECAUSE Wellington's wife, Kitty, was a Longford, a good deal of hitherto unpublished family material was available to his latest biographer: but, truth to tell, this aspect isn't particularly interesting or important, any more than Kitty was particularly interesting or important. It is the Duke himself who towers from the page. There are a thousand anecdotes about him, but they owe nothing to any sense of self-advertisement on his part. He was supremely indifferent to public relations and to what might be said or written about him. "Publish and be damned" was his celebrated reply to the rascal who tried to blackmail him, and he cold-shouldered an aspiring biographer with the words "The Duke of Wellington has nothing to say to the forty or fifty Lives of Himself which are at present in the course of being written."

Such laconic remarks provided a running commentary on his career and enhanced the legend. They were, as one might say, the perfect dialogue for the part. Having become a soldier because he seemed fit for nothing else, he suddenly decided to take the job seriously. "Since I have undertaken a profession," he said, "I had better try to understand it." At one hot moment on the battlefield, he asked a baggage officer:

"What are you doing, sir?"

"I've lost my baggage."

"Well, I can't be surprised . . . I cannot find my army."

And during another battle:

"As there seems nobody to fire at just now, I wish you would stop it." He married Kitty, mainly for a sense of honor, not having seen her for some time. As she walked up the aisle, he whispered to the clergyman, his brother: "She has grown ugly, by Jove."

He was a plain speaker and a plain doer. Hard work, common sense, devotion to duty, attention to detail, determination but not ruthlessness, courage without ostentation—these were the constituents of his success. Napoleon's marshals, he said, "planned their campaigns just as you might make



a splendid piece of harness. It looks very well; and answers very well; until it gets broken; and then you are done for. Now I made my campaigns of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot; and went on."

Dramatization he left to other people. When the news came of Napoleon's escape from Elba, Czar Alexander put his hand on the Duke's shoulder and said: "It is for you to save the world again."

And he did. At every point on the field of Waterloo, he held the battle in his own hands, riding a charmed course through the cannon fire, holding his men in check ("Hard pounding this, gentlemen; try who can pound the longest"), and then unleashing them ("Tell them to form companies and move on immediately." "In which direction, my lord?" "Why, right ahead.>"). He himself felt that "the finger of Providence" was upon him.

He had no sense of exaltation or personal glory. "I hope to God that I have fought my last battle," he said. "It is a bad thing to be always fighting." His hope was fulfilled. The second volume of Lady Longford's book will deal with Wellington as a politician. This one leaves him being toasted as "the conqueror of the conqueror of the world," mourning the dead and preventing reprisals on the defeated enemy.

The British character, as well as Europe's destiny, had been changed and fixed for the next hundred years. England's other great hero of the Napoleonic wars, Nelson (he met Wellington only once, in a curious encounter at the Colonial Office), was a vain

romantic genius who could turn charm on like a tap; Wellington was the Iron Duke, with no small talk and few visible emotions, trusted and respected rather than loved. Nelson belonged to the eighteenth century; Wellington set the tone for Victorian England, for the men who were to rule the British Empire.

Now Wellington's virtues have become unfashionable again. Looking at modern Britain, indeed at the modern world, one can only echo the favorite remark of an old soldier, a veteran of Waterloo, in a play by James Barrie: "It would never have done for the Duke." □

The Sociology of the Absurd: or the Application of Professor X, Annotated with an Introduction and Postscript

By Daniel J. Boorstin

Simon & Schuster, \$3.95

TOWARD A 'NEW DEMOCRACY'

GEOFFREY WAGNER

Let us all bless Daniel Boorstin for publishing this paper by "Professor X," a masterpiece of right-thinking liberalism and social homeopathy. After all, it nearly failed to see the light of day since, as a project focused on the major problems of American democracy today, it failed to cost enough. This is a very witty "Think-In."

Each part of the report (from the future) is a facet of the New Democracy. The first section praises "the pioneer work of the Black Muslims, the Black Panthers, the Black Students Union, and other sympathetic groups (SNCC, CORE, etc.)" which "has carried forward the spirit of the earlier Ku Klux Klan pioneers," and now allows us to propose the EQ (or Ethnic Quotient) for everyone. Each individual will now be typed primarily by minute degrees of his ethnicity, far superior as a benchmark than an IQ since such cannot be changed. School lunches will illustrate the principle:

Instead of each schoolchild eating all his school lunches in the cuisine of his predominant ethnic makeup, (as, nowadays, well-brought-up black youngsters are encouraged to eat lunches of coconut, bananas and other African cuisine, Italian youngsters eat lunches of spaghetti, ravioli, with an occasional pizza for those of Southern Italian origin, etc.), the child of the future could have the benefit of much more variety, which would still fulfill his true ethnicity.

School holidays, too, would quantitatively reflect the EQ, with some kids (and workers) out on Mussolini's birthday, and others on Franco's and/or Malcom X's (in fact, before resigning from CCNY, President Buell Gallagher circularized his faculty, exhorting them to respect the last). Language Arts, too. All the most folksy, ancient and superannuated modes of language should be automatically preferred to modern versions (Swahili to Coptic or Hausa, of course) since "with the possible exception of Chinese, all past written languages have been the media of past Establishments."

DEPENDING SOMEWHAT from this, the second principle of the MQ (or Merit Quotient) would assign quantitative values to past sufferings. The past overprivileged must be made into the present underprivileged ("The Worse the Better: The Better the Worse"). "Retributive Merit," meanwhile, will inhere in acts "to neutralize or make amends for past experiences of suffering. Examples would be the vandalizing of an exploitative elementary school, the shooting of repressive firemen in the ghettos, the burning of university library card catalogues, etc."

The core of Professor X's document is the notion of a truly homeopathic

social science (= the hair of the dog that bit you). Just as you inoculate with a culture of the disease, so not less racism but more should be encouraged. For when everyone is virulently racist, there will be no racism. After all, the slum problem is being solved, after a fashion, by an increase of government-sponsored little slums, just as the way to restrain automobilism might be to increase, rather than decrease, cars. When you have a solid sheet of steel on the highways extending from, say, Boston to Philadelphia, it would be hard to move very fast, if at all. Similarly, since "non-violence" has now usefully euphemized movements of extreme violence, it would be helpful to continue the trend, since without crime law could scarcely exist. The more laws, the more crimes. If everyone is a criminal, no one is. I would myself adduce the marijuana "laws" in the learned Professor X's support here. In this instance it seems that the increase of crime may well decrease "crime." Read Daniel Bell, "Crime as an American Way of Life."

THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP to the New Democracy is, naturally, dissolution of status-oriented or Uncle Tomish institutions, paramount among which stands, or stood, the university. For just as the White House was originally known as the White Man's House (thus properly stigmatizing all Presidents with racism), a neat Appendix by Professor X reminds us that etymologically the Ivy League was, as it is still spelt by some gifted children, the Ivory League, ivory being the most common commodity of exchange for human loot and all Northeastern institutions being notoriously involved in the slave trade.

Here Professor X proposes the future from the past, viz. what is currently happening in the "open admissions" colleges—that is to say, *everyone his own university*, a logical extension of the do-it-yourself principle. (Indeed, Harold Taylor's *The World as Teacher* was sponsored under a U.S. Office of Education contract: Why not require the Esalen Institute for all U.S. children?) The "new" universal university would no longer be hampered by degrees or curricula, it would be a truly popular "training arena for revolutionary strategy and tactics" with lots of courses in karate and African basketweaving. Students would be freed of the odium of "failing" courses, and so

would not have to intimidate the faculty with guns and knives (the very word "kindergarten," we are nicely reminded, should soon lose its connotations of condescension—if it has not already). Each American would be equal not only to all others, but—more important—to himself.

If this is satire, we are staring in a mirror. And what a brilliantly polished one it is, to be sure. Daniel Boorstin handles his indictment of our idiocies as Swift did in *A Modest Proposal*, by straight-faced extrapolation to the absurd. He has written a genuine gem. □

MOVIES

A Year in the Dark: Journal of a Film Critic, 1968-1969

By Renata Adler

Random House, \$7.95

Going Steady

By Pauline Kael

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.95

PERILS OF RENATA, PEARLS OF PAULINE

RICHARD CORLISS

Renata and the *N.Y. Times* came together at a time when movie reviewing was evolving into film criticism. Graduates of buff and trade periodicals (Vincent Canby, who succeeded Renata at the *Times*, Roger Greenspun, Andrew Sarris, Pauline Kael) are now among the most influential critics, and all have increased their stature and perception as their influence has grown. Pauline Kael in particular has shrugged off much of the lucid but loose-jawed in-fighting that marred her earlier work to become the best film critic in—oh, what the hell—ever. She is a superb natural writer, working and playing with ideas the way Andrew Sarris, occasionally to his discredit, plays with words; her knowledge of film history, official and *sub camera*, could be called "encyclopedic" if it weren't so much more correct and complete than any known film encyclopedia; she is a fascinating personality, and throws all of herself into her writing; she achieves what a great teacher does, pouring knowledge and understanding into her readers, and drawing a tough-minded

but expansive film attitude out of them.

Her annoying habit of reviewing the critics instead of the film, a habit that became less tenable as she acquired power and began writing closer to her rivals' deadlines, is missing almost completely from *Going Steady*, a collection of her writing since becoming the *New Yorker's* fall-winter film critic. (Her first title was probably "Going Straight," but that might have caused a few too many easy laughs among the members of the National Society of Film Critics.) This new austerity is reputedly due to a contractual agreement not to quarrel in print with critics, including Penelope Gilliatt, the magazine's spring-summer critic, and has led to unfortunate circumlocutions by which Vincent Canby becomes that mammoth corporate entity, the *Times*, and Stefan Kanfer, by being called "Time Magazine," is suddenly invested with the power of the Luce empire; it's also why her essay of "Trash, Art and the Movies" appeared in *Harper's* instead of the *New Yorker*. And once in a while, when she can't argue with the critics, she criticizes a movie's publicity.

Although one might have hoped for some new work in her new collection, it's still tremendously valuable and entertaining to reread Kael. Freed, for the most part, from her early feisty feminism and a parochial defensiveness about her old home, the Bay Area, that still sends her lunging at *Petulia* and *The Graduate*, Kael has reached a unique plateau in the consistent quality of her writing—which is why I advise you to read the book through, for chronological interest and insights. This book, and her weekly column in the *New Yorker*, should keep us all going until Christmas, when her long-deferred tome on *Citizen Kane* should appear.

IT WAS A BIG MISTAKE for the *New York Times* to ask Renata Adler to replace Bosley Crowther as the paper's movie critic in 1967, and a small disaster for Miss Adler (or Renata, as she became known to the thousands who started following her daily mistakes, laxities of prose, insights and oversights, in a cliff-hanging "Perils of Renata" that was usually resolved by Miss Adler's falling off her critical or rhetorical cliff) to have accepted. Somebody at the *Times* must have heard that movies were fashionable, and thought to bestow a little cultural

respectability on a medium it had previously recognized mainly as an advertiser. (Its 1967 series on fifty years of Soviet art managed to ignore the art form Lenin had considered most important and whose directors had made the most vital and prominent.) Somebody else must have noticed the sudden pre-eminence of the New Journalism—involved and impressionistic pieces by swinging young writers—as well as the seeming supremacy of women film critics: Judith Crist, Penelope Gilliatt, Penelope Houston, Pauline Kael. All these signs pointed to Renata Adler—29, A.B. from Bryn Mawr, D.d'E.S. in philosophy under Claude Levi-Strauss at the Sorbonne, writer on politics and rock for the *New Yorker*—and before you could say *politique des auteurs*, Crowther, who was writing movie reviews for the *Times* before Miss Adler was born, was kicked upstairs and outside.

WHAT NOBODY seemed to notice was that Renata didn't know much about movies, didn't care much about them, and didn't care to write much about them. At a time when there were far more interested, interesting film critics around (and the *Times* could have had any of them for the asking), the paper chose to use the movies as a guinea pig on which to experiment with someone who was less a New Journalist than a novice. Film 1968 went largely unappraised in the *Times* (except by second-stringer Vincent Canby) as Renata attempted on the job to develop a prose style and a film attitude. Gradually, an Adlerian style was discerned. First paragraph: summation. Second paragraph: list of good things in movie. Third paragraph: list of bad things in movie. Final paragraph: critical appraisal of theater décor or ethnological consideration of movie audience. Once in a while she seemed to get her lists mixed up—would you guess that "lyrics like 'Oh, what a lovely, lonely man' and 'There's magic in the wake of a fiasco' and lines like 'Zis is X speaking. X, as in X and pains'" is from a good list or a bad one?

For the answer to that, you'll have to buy Miss Adler's book *A Year in the Dark: Journal of a Film Critic, 1968-1969*. I can't think of another reason for anyone besides Miss Adler owning this book. While you could sympathize with Renata's dis-ease in a job she was bored with and ill-suited for, like an

Imperial General forced to work as a café doorman, the only person you need to feel sorry for, once her ephemera was published between hard covers, is the typesetter . . . and maybe the reviewer. If Renata had as bad a time at the movies as she gives us in her book, perhaps she does deserve our sympathy. □

THEATER

DON'T GIVE THE GATE TO A GAL NAMED KATE

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

. . . and don't give it either to Alan Jay Lerner, André Previn, Cecil Beaton, Frederick Brisson, Michael Bennett and Michael Benthall. Because there's just one thing they have in common: they're pros, they know what they're doing.

The American musical comedy, we all know, is in a bad way, has been for quite a while, and yet, no place else in the world is there anything to touch it. At its best, *My Fair Lady*, *Oklahoma*, *South Pacific*, *Kiss Me Kate*, it's hard to top. I'll admit it now (admissions are going to be very hard to drag out of me henceforward) *Coco* isn't in that exalted category; but what it has, and what no one can take away from it, is class: panache, élan, chic, style. Stop. Look. Listen. Masters at Work.

PROBABLY NOT SINCE the days of the great Ziegfeld have so many beautiful, stylish women moved around a stage with such precision, timing, pride. The last scene, when the ladies in red stage their final fashion show of the evening, high-stepping, shoulders back, heads up, gliding down revolving stairways, on to moving stages, through phalanxes of mirrors that spring up, and throw reflections of the mannequins back and forth, then disappear, wiping out platoons of marching reflections, well, it's something you'll not see again in many a year. It's, as they might have called it in Gabrielle Chanel's heyday, "the cat's pyjamas." And what does it remind you of? Why the Ascot scene, of course, in *My Fair Lady*, and the ladies of Arthur's court prancing gaily about in *Camelot's* Lovely Month of May.

Alan Jay Lerner has been here before, and so has Cecil Beaton.

Certain things don't come off. Katharine Hepburn singing is for all the world like Katharine Hepburn talking, but who, may I ask, is it pleasanter to listen to than Hepburn talking? Certain episodes in Chanel's past, mostly her more scandalous affairs, are handled through the device of a screen: her long-dead lovers, and her father, appear on a large screen and sing or talk their parts. It might have worked; it doesn't. These one-dimensional shades are a distraction and add little to the development of the story which is, will or will not Coco Chanel, at seventy-plus, be able to stage a comeback in a new postwar couture world dominated by the giants, Dior, Givenchy, Patou—after fourteen years on the sidelines? *Le tout Paris* is against her this time. Newsmen don't even turn up for her press conferences. "*The world belongs to the young,*" she sings. "*To the young or to me?*" she asks, "*We shall see, we shall see.*"

The inevitable young lovers are uninteresting—although one of the loveliest songs of the evening, "Let's Go Home," is beautifully handled by David Holliday. And Noelle (Coco's young protégée) is a handy device. It is in going through an old scrapbook and telling her of past glories that Coco gets to sing "The Money Rings Out like Freedom," a rollicking account of her success in the fashion field. When she had a tiff with the Duke and to spite him, and his new lady friend, she turned up with vast chains of paste jewelry—"and costume jewelry was here to stay." How, after tripping over her new gown and tumbling into the Grand Canal (in the Grand Canal you go down down down) she put women into pants; how Alex died, "*He died without a word of warning/ To friends I cried/ I'll put the world into mourning/ Out of the depth of my distress/ Came the little black dress.*" And as she describes these fashion innovations, turning the pages of the scrapbook, the models dance the scene.

What most critics haven't mentioned about *Coco*, and which I find baffling, is that it is funny: It's a howl. It makes you laugh, so hard sometimes that tears come to your eyes. Lerner can write one-line show-stoppers and oh, how Kate can toss them off.

Enter Sebastian, the limp-wristed couturier that Coco's lawyer and friend

Louis Greff (George Rose) has brought to help design the new Chanel line. Coco looks at him, incredulously—and René Auberjonois, as Sebastian, is so light it is a wonder he doesn't levitate. "Is he a homosexual?" she asks. "No, he's far beyond that." And other love-lies: Coco: "A woman needs independence not equality. In most cases, equality is a step down." And, "only very rich women can afford to wear one dress all the time."

And the beautiful scene when Coco recaptures her workshop. Sebastian has more or less been given his head, and he's a buttons and bows man. And pretty soon the clean Chanel line has disappeared under a froufrou here, a froufrou there. Coco can't stand it. And she moves through the fitting display rooms like the Greek Furies cutting, snipping, tearing, ripping, with Sebastian in hot pursuit oh-ing and ah-ing and olala-ing as the familiar Chanel suits and slacks re-emerge. It's delightful.

The big day is at hand. Curtain.

Up Curtain. The showroom is empty. A chair or two overturned. Wilted flowers drooping. Programs discarded. Obviously, a bust. Coco emerges from her upstairs apartment. Walks slowly down the stairs. Picks up a chair or two, tidies a bit, turns to the audience and . . . comes out with a single word—the English equivalent of "merde." It breaks up the house.

HEPBURN IS GOOD. Oh she's good. She's got that stage magic. Her drunken jubilation dance with buyers from Orbach's, Bloomingdale's, Best and Saks

who love her line, buy her entire collection, just when the auctioneer's gavel is about to drop, is memorable. A comic masterpiece. But she's not the whole show by any means.

Young René Auberjonois should be off and running in the theater as the result of his performance in *Coco*. His handling of the song "Fiasco" in which he gloats over Chanel's humiliation is a joy to behold (and just a bit like Roddy McDowell's handling of "The Seven Deadly Sins" in *Camelot*). And other bits of stage business: Coco's secretary who is so self-effacing people literally don't see her. Not an in-depth characterization, but who needs it? It's funny and gets funnier. The doctor who finds it hard to interrupt his sporting activities to take care of his patients. George Rose, charming as Coco's lawyer, who, when disaster has seemed to overwhelm them, wonders what he will give up: His masseur? His membership in the Jockey Club? His family? . . . a shrug. No, it will have to be Marie Louise, his mistress. And the lovely and delightful farewell, cynical, very French, very amusing, "When Your Lover Has Gone." ("*When your lover says goodbye/ Wise men all agree/ There can be but one reply, Leave the key!*") (In the mode of "Yes, I Remember It Well," from Alan Jay Lerner's *Gigi*.) And finally Michael Bennett's inspired direction of the musical-cum-fashion numbers.

Coco's music doesn't touch *My Fair Lady*. The story has none of the fairy-tale magic of *Camelot*. But don't knock it. It's still a whale of a classy show. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

BIG BUSINESS IN JAPANESE POLITICS, by Chitoshi Yanaga (Yale, \$8.75). Two decades after his landmark reference history, *Japan Since Perry*, and a dozen years after his subtle and suggestive *Japanese People and Politics*, Professor Yanaga of Yale has produced a third book, probably his best. It is a study which builds on and refines a theme developed in his books and lectures: the intimate intertwining of the three elements which combined to forge Japan's phenomenal modern development—business, party government, and bureaucracy. From the early days of the Meiji Restoration (the 1870s-'80s), Japan's government aided businessmen, first through state sponsorship and encouragement, then through a generous policy of turning over businesses to private hands. But the structure of business in Japan is not as it is in America, where dog-eat-dog is the house rule. In Japan, a web of interpersonal relationships strengthens each of the elements and builds intense, abiding affections. School ties, clubby allegiances, master-disciple loyalties—all infuse the three worlds of business, party and bureaucracy. In an age when Left-Right partisanship corrodes and corrupts scholarship, it is refreshing to read a humanist scholar's well-reasoned, balanced treatment, free of ground axes and gored oxen. Mr. Yanaga is as much historian as political scientist. His book is readable, a rarity in the latter field, and it is well-grounded in "scientific" data, increasingly a *sine qua non* of responsible historical studies.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

WOODSTOCK NATION, by Abbie Hoffman (Random House, \$5.95). "We shall not defeat Amerika by organizing a political party. We shall do it by building a new nation—a nation as rugged as the marijuana weed born from the seeds of the Woodstock Festival." Thus the author, surpassing even Che Guevara at his most maudlin. The whole book is maudlin, for all its strenuous shock-talk ("Bring the revolution home—kill your parents"). *Woodstock Nation*, see, is all the free young souls who smoke dope, ball a lot and, like Abbie, hate SDS, The Who, the astronauts, Ed Sullivan, big business, you, me and everything else in Pig Nation. To be sure, it takes lots of time and energy to hate so much so thoroughly; to be sure, many people who went to Woodstock will resent being included in Abbie's new nation. Never mind. Abbie is *not* putting us on. He means every rotten word. Hanging's too good for him. Better a millstone were hung around his neck.

C. H. SIMONDS

THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE VATICAN, by Maria Luisa Ambrosini with Mary Willis (Little, Brown, \$10). A popular

history of the Roman Catholic Church, pinned to the secret archives maintained by the Vatican quite independently of its famous library. They are not secret after a century has passed, and Signora Ambrosini spent several absorbing years browsing among their treasures. Herself a devout Catholic, with a thoroughly up-to-date attitude and a dry sense of humor, she has a modern analogy for almost every ancient or medieval phenomenon—a technique that sets pedantic historians' teeth on edge, but illuminates many a murky corner of the recoverable past. On she rambles through the centuries—looking in on Saint Peter in his modest digs in Trastevere, marveling at the energy of Gregory the Great, chronicling Rome's long struggle with Luther, recounting the conversion and abdication of Christina, Queen of the Vandals, describing the trials of Galileo and Giordano Bruno, and even sketching the saintly life of Mother Cabrini. Catholics and non-Catholics alike will enjoy this brisk, learned and lively look at the oldest institution on earth.

W. A. RUSHER

YEARBOOK ON INTERNATIONAL COMMUNIST AFFAIRS, 1968, edited by Richard V. Allen (Hoover Institution, \$25). This volume, the second annual *Yearbook* published by the Hoover Institution, contains seven sections, the first, occupying the major portion of the pages (690 out of 1165), is devoted to "Profiles of Individual Communist Parties." Comprehensive information is provided on the organization and policies of all the Communist Parties in the world, ruling as well as non-ruling parties, legal as well as illegal, mass parties as well as tiny ones of less than a hundred members; the various strands of international Communism—orthodox, Maoist, Castroite—are disentangled in given countries; where relevant, as in the United States, contending radical movements or Communist splinter groups are included in the profile. Beginning with Albania and ending with Yugoslavia, there are 93 countries generously covered, including even newly born Lesotho in Southern Africa. (A small question: Doesn't the Zanzibar Marxist-Leninist party headed by Babu qualify for inclusion?) The remaining sections cover "International Communist Front Organizations," "International Communist Conferences and Events"; selected "Documents" from a wide range of Communist parties and leaders; a "Chronology," month by month, for 1967; a selected "Bibliography" of books published in 1967 in English, French, German and Russian; and an index. An invaluable reference work.

E. B. MEYER

YOUNG MAN IN VIETNAM by Charles Coe (Four Winds, 109 pp., \$3.95) is far and away the best thing I've read on how it is to fight in Vietnam. Charles Coe has no pitch to make—dove or hawk, who cares? He tells it like it is for a young

Marine lieutenant under orders for Vietnam. He tells it like it is—for him, for the soldiers in the company, for the Vietcong prisoners they take, for the girls they meet and love and lie to and leave. How it is first night on sentry, when you're ordered on patrol through an area you swept just a month earlier. How it is when you're hit, the hospital, R&R (you don't stay your five days, you're wondering what's happening to the unit back there). Just one incident, to give a flavor of Coe's spare undemonstrative style. Capt. Binh is a Vietnamese officer attached to your company. He's a good soldier, but he likes to kill. He's been in it too long. A couple of sergeants are guarding VC prisoners, five of them. They've been stripped. Then two old women, suspected VCs, are sent back. "Shall we strip 'em, lieutenant?" one of the sergeants asks. He'd like to. "No. Search 'em, but don't strip 'em." Capt. Binh comes in and starts interrogating the prisoners one by one. He beats them up some. When he gets to the first old woman she reaches under her skirt and pulls out a grenade. "There isn't time to do anything but watch Binh and the old woman dissolve in a hail of shrapnel. The sentries and Binh's men empty their automatic rifles into the remaining prisoners and the noise is deafening. The old woman was able to kill Binh because you hadn't stripped her. If you had stripped her, Binh would be alive now—and so would the prisoners. You are sick. You are embarrassed and you feel ashamed." *Young Man in Vietnam* is a classic; it may be the classic of the Vietnam war.

P. L. BUCKLEY

INTERVENTION, by Isaac Don Levine (McKay, \$4.95). Until the definitive account of the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia appears, this book deserves an important place on any shelf devoted to the study of Communist imperialism. It contains rich detail about the Soviets' pre-invasion moves, some delightful quotes from the *New York Times*, and the revelation that the recent disclosures of spying in West Germany were rooted in the Czech crisis. Mr. Levine offers evidence for only one of several theories about the causes of the invasion. The Soviet hawks, he says, had long wanted to fill the gap in Eastern Europe's defenses caused by Stalin's failure to station Russian troops in Rumania and Czechoslovakia after World War II. But he jumps back and forth, unable to decide whether the invasion was a reaction to panic, the success of a conspiracy hatched by Soviet hawks against their "doves," or a calm and logical application of Communist policy. Levine's strongest objections seem to be to Russian nationalism and antisemitism rather than to Communist ideology. It's tragic for the Czechs that Levine needed only a few words to describe America's irrelevance to this struggle for a bit of human dignity.

D. B. DUVAL

LETTERS

(Continued from page 334)

itself seven years behind events is a bit too much of a muchness.

In your March 10 issue, you describe Canada in the following terms: "It's unfair to expect Americans to know or care very much about their Friendly Northern Neighbor. . . . Yet oddly enough, Canada is different."

So different that you display her Prime Minister waving the old Canadian flag—the one which was entirely revamped in 1963?

Princeton, N.J.

BOB RAMSEY

Apologies to Mr. Ramsey, and to all you others. —ED.

MEYER

(Continued from page 362)

of our police forces, with, if necessary, the recruitment of an auxiliary part-time militia to augment their strength.

Against such proposals it might be argued that the Supreme Court, whatever the original intent of the Constitution, would stand in the way of their execution. The answer is clear: The Supreme Court is not the sole interpreter of the Constitution. The Congress and the President have equal responsibilities for that interpretation and they have the power to bring to heel a Supreme Court that stands in the way of preserving the Republic.

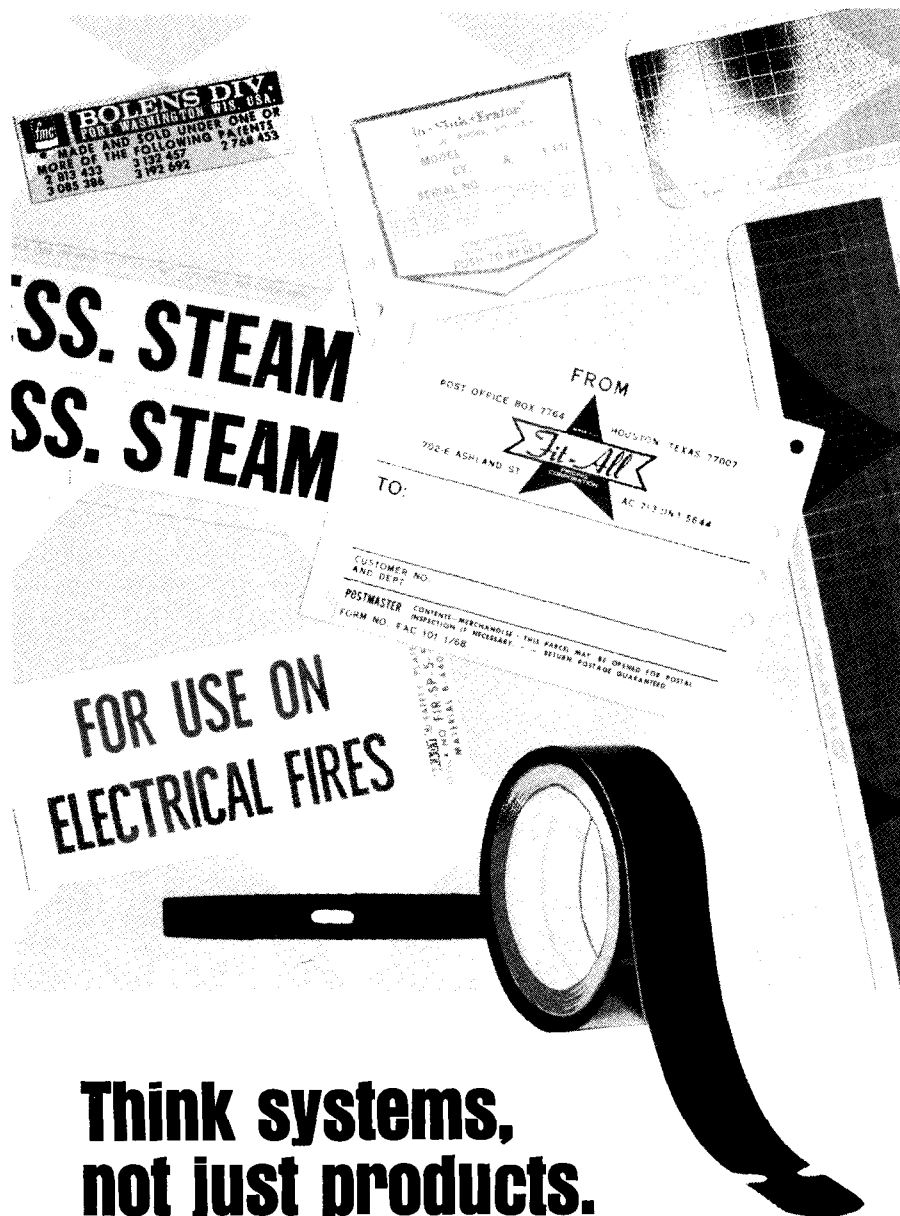
It might also be argued that there does not exist in the United States devotion to fundamental values and will to defend them sufficient to make possible a defense of the Republic such as I have adumbrated. I can only reply that if this is so, we are down the drain anyway, and no right-wing solution of any kind would then be possible. But I do not believe it; I would strongly maintain that the spiritual resources exist, given clear and determined leadership, to preserve the order of our Republic. □

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BROOKS HAYS

Wooden Barrel

A bishop . . . advised a politician to go out into the rain and lift his head heavenward. "It will bring a revelation to you." Next day the politician reported, "No revelation came. The water poured down my neck. . . . I felt like a fool." "Well," said the bishop, "isn't that quite a revelation?"

MOE
(Continued from page 359)

form" some institution, he has generally begun his intellectual deliberations with a conclusion and worked backward. Almost by definition the status quo is judged "bad" and it then becomes necessary to rewrite the rules governing that institution in order to provide advantages to a particular group promoting a particular set of policies. Change, a more neutral word then reform, is almost always justified in terms of the general welfare when, in fact, changes in rules and institutions invariably aid one group at the expense of another. Change, then, is not inherently good. There are good changes and bad changes. The criteria for good and bad is measured according to the general theory of politics one accepts.

Throughout this essay a theory of popular government has underlain my substantive arguments. The theory is that democracy, as generally defined today, functions best when there are two major parties, as opposed to a multiparty system. These parties ought to be relatively non-doctrinaire and national in their organization and appeal. They ought to conceive of themselves as the "ins" and the "outs," with

both parties being committed to the fundamental values of the regime. Two-party politics suggests that both parties ought to contain a portion of most of the groups in the society and that neither ought to become exclusive or ideological. While such a politics may lack the momentary excitement of the righteous cause victorious, it is a politics which permits all groups to share in power and hence provides the environment necessary for the society to face real problems and make measured social progress.

The Electoral College, with its traditional unit rule, is a critical factor in the maintenance of our two-party politics. While it is conceivable that our politics would remain largely non-ideological and within the two major parties without the Electoral College, it is unlikely. The Electoral College does serve an important function today. One can, of course, be opposed to the two-party model of politics or one can desire to have ideologically oriented parties, as the New Left does. If this is the political theory you support, then the elimination of the Electoral College should be high on your list of priorities. What the facts do not support, however, is the argument that the demise of the Electoral College will actually

strengthen the two major parties and curtail the potential dangers of third parties.

Our two-party system is capable of being maintained only if the three pillars described previously are maintained in good order. To destroy any one of them would be to endanger the entire structure. At the very least, we owe it to those who are to follow us not to scuttle our electoral system, which has served us so well for nearly two centuries, without first attempting to understand the system. We must not permit ourselves to fall into the trap of substituting emotion and slogans for reasoned analysis. □

DELECTATIONS

(Continued from page 364)

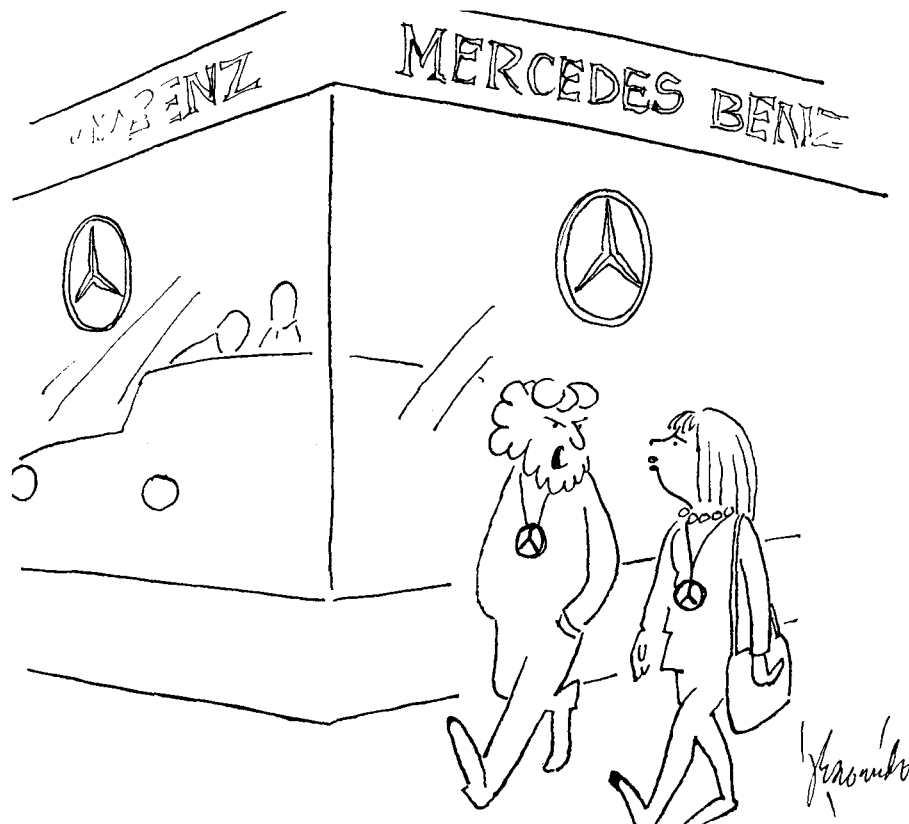
that Joe sent you. (La Seine ranks a mite higher in this respect. One of my spies tells me of having been kept waiting a few times at The Four Seasons.)

One word about the wine lists. The wines at La Seine are good and very expensive. The Four Seasons has an outstanding list, at truly fantastically low prices. Lack of space forbids me to go into details, but all experts say that the prices at The Four Seasons are the lowest in town for a luxury wine list. The Four Seasons does not have proper someliers, since the captains perform their function, a more reasonable arrangement in a restaurant of that size that would need several of them. La Seine, on the other hand, has the best sommelier in the whole of New York, according to all experts and to what I have myself observed. His name is George, he is young and he looks like Yves St. Laurent, he comes from the Tour d'Argent and I suggest you put yourself into his hands. From experience I know that he advises well, knows every trick of the trade and that he is a nice, kind man and not a snob.

Both restaurants require reservations; all menus are *à la carte*. Dinner entrees at La Seine are from \$8.50 (with the exception of a kidney dish at \$6.50); at The Four Seasons, from \$7.50. □

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"I think the whole movement's been had!"

Next Step in Laos

New York, March 19—The bold and thus far a successful Communist salient into central Laos requires us to pause and consider in context the great gains we have been making in Vietnam. The paradox is that although, particularly since Tet 1968, we have vastly reduced the fighting strength of the North Vietnamese, nevertheless, there they are, fifty thousand of them, overtaking the critical Plain of Jars, and headed nobody quite knows where.

The point isn't that American estimates of the depleted strength of the North Vietnamese have been exaggerated. They haven't—General Giap himself confirmed a few months ago that since the war began, the North Vietnamese have lost on the order of one-half million men. And observers are agreed on the great shortage of Communist military manpower in South Vietnam, particularly with the reduction in the number of Vietcong. It becomes plain, under the circumstances, that the North Vietnamese have decided to press their war against Vietnam via Laos. It is a reversal in the original order of dominos. Let Laos fall, is the apparent reasoning, and perhaps Cambodia goes next. Pressures on Thailand can then mount, and meanwhile a reverse in the attrition in South Vietnam, leading to the return of American troops, and then an intensification of the war against South Vietnam—from the west.

ADMIRAL JOHN MCCAIN, the able commander in chief in the Pacific area, spoke recently in Hawaii on collective security in Asia, and he made the following comment:

"Probably the most rapid progress in Vietnamization has been made by the U.S. Naval Forces/Vietnam. This is the brown-water navy that patrols the Mekong Delta rice bowl south of Saigon and screens infiltration corridors for enemy troops and equipment leading from Cambodia into the western delta. The Navy turnover program is scheduled for completion by July. . . . No U.S. patrol boat operating in Vietnamese waters today has an entirely American crew."

Surely this is the key to the problem at this juncture. The violation by the North Vietnamese of the Geneva accord of 1962 demonstrates yet again the utter indifference of the Communists to the territorial rights of their neighbors. America's response has had to be less than decisive. Not only because of the Geneva accord, but because of the domestic problem: We are not about to send American soldiers into Laos.

At the same time, one's attention focuses, yet again, on the difficulty of the South Vietnamese, which is that they are restrained from fighting the only kind of war that is militarily intelligible because of the impediments we impose on them: the same impediments we impose on ourselves. We are a great power, and we dare not ourselves enter Laos or Cambodia with large military ground units, for fear of antagonizing Red China.

BUT WE CANNOT Vietnamize the war if we ask South Vietnam to accept the military inhibitions which are proper to a major power. What is needed, of course, is South Vietnamese troops in Laos. Indeed, what is needed is South Vietnamese troops in North Vietnam. The answer to the Laos problem is an expeditionary force of South Vietnamese landing on the coast of North Vietnam.

Admiral McCain's observations are symbolically interesting because if indeed by next July we shall have turned over a small functioning navy to the South Vietnamese, what is it that we intend to do to prevent the South Vietnamese from using that little navy as they see fit? Will we continue to exercise negative checks of one sort or another? Or does Vietnamization really mean what it is said to mean: The transfer of effective military authority to the South Vietnamese?

The United States should make great public displays of turning over equipment and authority to the South Vietnamese. So that when that day comes, when the ingenious aggressions from the North are countered by such as amphibious landings, guerrilla action, cut-

ting the Ho Chi Minh Trail and blockading Sihanoukville—then world opinion will recognize that the actions were taken in self-defense, and big-power retaliation by the Soviet Union or Red China will not appear to be an inevitable response.

But the North Vietnamese have now made the schedule very tight. Vietnamization has to prove flexible enough to give the Republic of Vietnam the authority to act in time. And time, as any Laotian will tell you, is getting short. □

MR. NIXON'S DILEMMA *New York, March 21*—I am on the

side of Senator Fulbright and the others who insist that it is our right to know what it is we are up to in Laos, or wherever else we are making military commitments. But a few qualifications are in order.

1. Senator Fulbright and his followers are saying exactly what the Republican isolationist senators were saying during the late Thirties right up to Pearl Harbor. On the few occasions when President Roosevelt leveled with the American public about military commitments he had entered into, it was a slip of the tongue.

I CHERISH in particular an anecdote told me by General Albert Wedemeyer. He was then a captain, or a major, and he was a part of the Presidential staff that went to the North Atlantic with Mr. Roosevelt to rendezvous with Winston Churchill. After a couple of days, the President and the Prime Minister issued the Atlantic Pact, a document which, read today, will chill the blood of exactly the same people who applauded it when it was issued, back when they were still high on Wilsonianism, and had discovered, with the help of Wendell Willkie, that we inhabit, after all, One World.

Still it was mostly rhetoric. But when the President's cruiser returned, putting down in Boston, an army of reporters rushed up to FDR as he was wheeled from the boat to his private train. A reporter asked him the question

On The Right

on everyone's mind: "Mr. President, did you make any commitments to Mr. Churchill involving American troops?" Absolutely not, the President replied, cigarette-holder at the usual rakish angle. At precisely that moment, General Wedemeyer reminisces, he was walking alongside the wheel chair, a member of the large retinue, carrying a briefcase which contained a memorandum of an agreement by FDR to send U.S. troops to occupy Iceland—which in due course was done.

THE YOUNG, idealistic Major Wedemeyer was so upset at being an accomplice in so brazen an act of duplicity, that he chugalugged two martinis on the Presidential train and then approached his hero, George Marshall, to inform him that as a matter of conscience, Wedemeyer would have to resign. General Marshall soothed him, told him that yes, the whole experience was uncomfortable, but that after all, politicians are politicians, and there isn't a whole lot that can be done about it.

The moral of the story is—of course—that politicians who thunder for Presidential probity, tend to do so less because the lure of probity has overwhelmed them, than because it suits their present purpose to call for ruthless Presidential candor. The Republican isolationists of 1940 tend nowadays to be hawkish anti-Communists, for reasons I shall not now go into; and they are not yapping at President Nixon's heels. It is the Fulbrights who are doing so: because they want us out of Southeast Asia.

2. One reason why the whole of the Democratic contingent in the Senate is not backing Senator Fulbright in his campaign for Presidential candor is, dare we say it, because President Nixon is engaged in discharging commitments in Laos made by Averell Harriman at the direction of John F. Kennedy in 1962. This, of course, leads to a paradoxical situation. Mr. Nixon, who is dedicated to the survival of a Southeast Asia uncrushed by the Communists, is doing what he can to live up to treaties passed by Democratic Senates, and protocols extended by Democratic Presidents. The 1962 Geneva accord called on all parties to stay out of Laos, and of course the Communists give it not a second's attention. America's activities in Laos have been derivative.

Nixon's dilemma is that he can only silence his Democratic critics by revealing the Democratic auspices of the jam he has got in. But in order to do that, he needs to reveal certain things the public revelation of which would

give the enemy the arguments—however spurious—with which to charge America, before the bar of world opinion, with activity in contravention of a treaty. □

SWISS SOJOURN

Rougemont, March 24
—I have always thought that Switzerland is the

way station to Paradise. I have been coming here for almost forty years. The first few winters, at age five or six, I would amuse myself by making snowmen. The past ten winters I have amused myself by asking any old Swiss, any old time, "Excuse me, but could you please tell me the name of the President of Switzerland?" The record, thus far, is 100 percent: Nobody has known the name of the President of Switzerland. Inevitably there is a nervous silence, and then a whisper to the neighboring partner, which whisper goes down the length of the room, the last man tiptoeing out to the telephone, or to an almanac, and eventually the name of the President is triumphantly divulged. The reason nobody knows the name of the President of Switzerland is because it doesn't much matter who is the President of Switzerland. Switzerland is so well governed, the responsibilities are so diffused, the national sense of purpose is so explicit, that there simply isn't very much left over for the President to do, except to get very angry when a terrorist blows up one of his airplanes.

The other day, by mistake, a clerk in a little post office dropped a carton that contained emergency military summonses to duty for the male population of that town, everyone between the ages of twenty and fifty. The next morning the postman routinely stuck the summonses in the boxes, and by that afternoon, all the men of the town had simply gone off—reporting for duty at the cantonal capital. All except two or three, who, not having had news of any national emergency, thought to telephone to the capital to verify their summons. They were of course told that there was no summons, that it must have been a clerical mistake. Now the interesting thing is that all the newspapers criticized not the gullible majority who had gone automatically off to duty, but the inquisitive minority. Switzerland expects that every man will do his duty unquestioningly, even if it is a clerical mistake.

That is true efficiency. Speaking of which, the Swiss Post Office is easily the most efficient in the world, the mail traveling faster between any part

of Switzerland and the United States, than between Chicago and New York—even in non-strike conditions. If you desire to air mail a letter abroad, you must know just to begin with whether you are in category One or in category Ten, Twenty, Twenty-Five, Thirty, Forty, Fifty or Seventy. Now reflect on the progression of those numbers. Crazy, isn't it? Why shouldn't the Twenty-Five be eliminated, and a Sixty inserted?

The United States is in category Twenty-Five, and it costs .75 centimes to air mail a letter that weighs up to five grams. Up to ten grams, one franc. Up to fifteen grams, 1.25 francs. Up to twenty grams, 1.50 francs. Got it? Oh no you don't: in Switzerland, that's hubris. Up to 25 grams isn't the expected 1.75 francs, but—for reasons as obscure as the identity of the President of Switzerland—2.05 francs. You climb that scale at 25 centimes per 5 grams for four times, and then you skip again, to another interval of 60 centimes. It takes a first-class mathematical education to send a letter in Switzerland, which is a good way of cutting down on the post office load. And, oh yes, if you want to air mail a postcard to America, the postage is—a flat 55 centimes. But of course you can't buy a 55 centime stamp—they just don't make them. You buy a 50 and a 5. It all gets very expensive. I figured the other day that it would cost me about five times as much to wrap myself up and send myself air mail to the United States than it would to travel first class on the *Queen Elizabeth*.

THERE IS A PRICE—and a penalty—for everything in Switzerland. Going up on a ski gondola a while ago it was very hot and I noticed that the window could be removed by prying it out of its rubber frame. This I did, and on reaching the top received a most royal and lengthy dressing down from the attending mechanic in a most flustered French, ending with a simple declarative, "That will be seven francs fifty centimes." It was known exactly how much to charge even for so rogue an infraction. I know, I know, that if, having established his identity, anyone were so foolish or so evil as to shoot the President of Switzerland, he would be most severely tried and tongue-lashed, and then told that the penalty for shooting presidents of Switzerland is 78,450 francs. It is a most glorious country and, after my own, I love it best, and do herewith, in the presence of witnesses, plight to it my troth. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A \$10 billion annual item in the national budget

52 115 155 157 168 97 130 140 178 198

B. Excise, custom, levy

64 79 158 221 211 200

C. La²O³, formed as a white powder

82 1 67 196 191 110 171 159

D. An army officer who serves on a court-martial

111 113 10 61 13 186 80 42 100

E. Instruct

108 36 137 65 11 4 45

F. A slender New Zealand tree

138 101 156 48 167 187 209 73

G. To place under obligation

143 49 174 129 37 117

H. In Pennsylvania German mysticism, the moon

16 40 131 164 172 189 216

I. Diminutive

38 31 43 56 72 93

J. An impost that no one escapes, not even the poor

180 58 148 132 12 118 151 14

K. What idle butchers do

169 44 62 103 109 119 126 71 91 99

L. This is also called achievement

182 60 23 84 104 7 120 194 190

M. One of Stephen C. Foster's songs

87 53 102 152 205 144 112 184 201 215

N. An advocate of certain political and social theories

30 81 165 176

220 122 25 206 20 202 105

O. Something on which there is a tax

207 69 92 3 26 78

P. This is almost always unbalanced

114 149 50 133 27 161

Q. A lubberly person

173 8 86

R. One of the federal departments

185 22 46 83 5 116 145 153 193 70

S. Optimistic

98

217 136 51 134 170 179 150

T. A Socialist who moved in high society

28 154 142 199

U. In the space which separates

147 210 135 29 163 166 21

V. An assertion made but not proved

75 15 146 192 175 124 141 188 32

W. To dwell in thought

121 33 177 195 139 17 219 213

X. En route

85 19 181 123 197 107 66 208

Y. New England transcendentalism

106 183 127 9 203 214 204

Z. To beat off, as the kernels of grain

125 128 89 212 218 162

a. What one of the federal departments deals with (part of its name)

6 57 88 94 18 35 55

b. A peculiar style of handwriting used in England

47 54 95 24 34 59 2

c. What Brigham's children were called

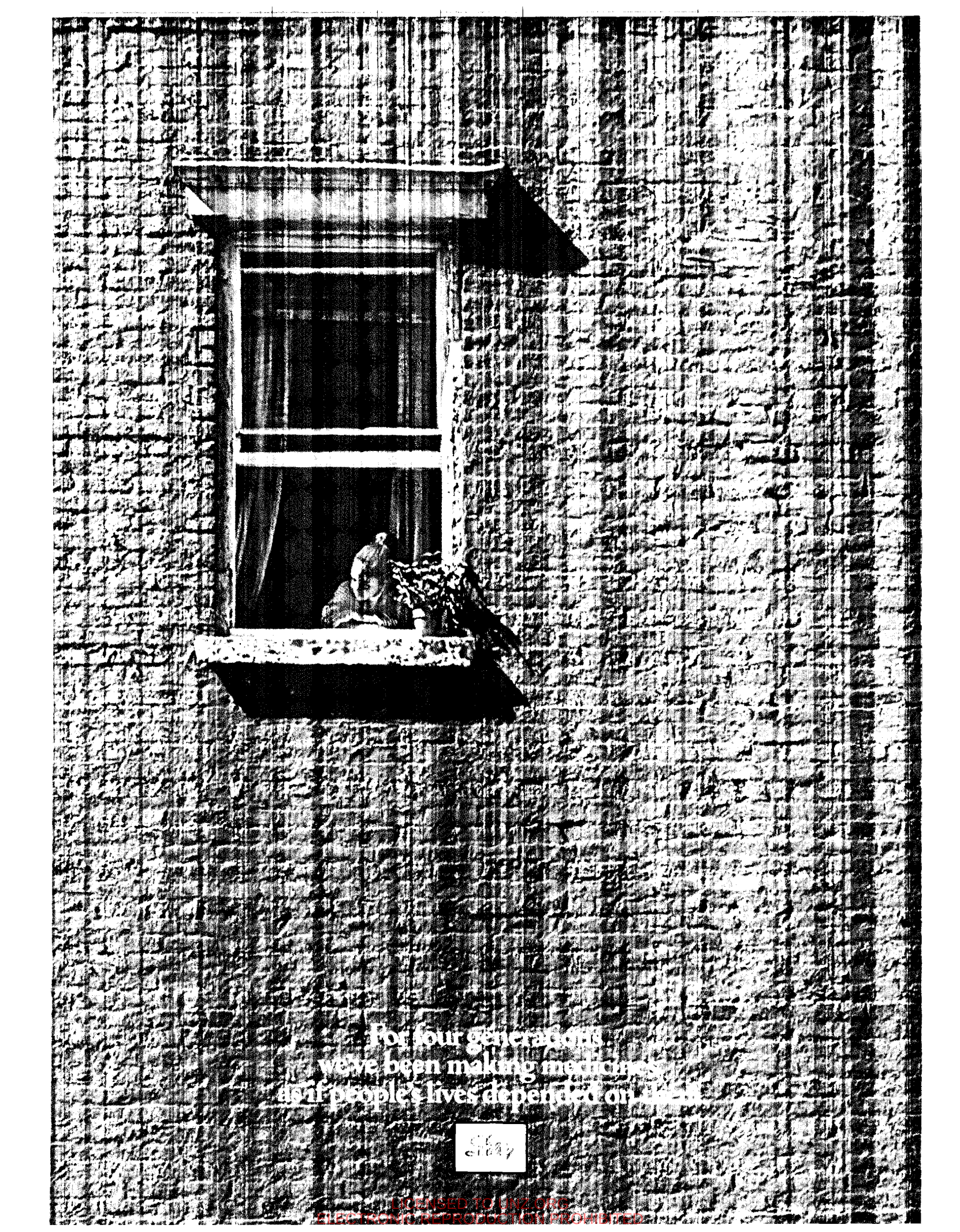
160 68 39 41 74 76 90 96 63 77

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 374 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

	1	C		2	b	3	0	4	E	5	R	6	a	7	L	8	Q	9	Y		10	D	11	E	12	J		13	D	14	J	15	V	16	H		
17	W	18	a	19	X	20	N	21	U	22	R		23	L	24	b	25	N		26	O	27	P	28	T		29	U	30	M	31	I	32	V	33	W	
		34	b	35	a	36	E		37	G	38	I	39	c	40	H		41	c	42	D	43	I	44	K	45	E	46	R	47	b	48	F	49	G	50	P
51	S		52	A	53	M	54	b	55	a		56	I	57	a		58	J	59	b		60	L	61	D	62	K	63	c	64	B	65	E	66	X		
67	C		68	c	69	o	70	R		71	K	72	I	73	F	74	c		75	V	76	c		77	c	78	O	79	B	80	D	81	M	82	C		
83	R	84	L		85	X	86	Q		87	M	88	a	89	Z		90	c	91	K	92	O	93	I	94	a		95	b	96	c		97	A			
98	R	99	K		100	D	101	F	102	M		103	K	104	L	105	N	106	Y		107	X	108	E		109	K	110	C	111	D	112	M				
113	D	114	P	115	A	116	R	117	G		118	J	119	K	120	L	121	W		122	N	123	X	124	V	125	Z	126	K		127	Y	128	Z	129	G	
130	A		131	H	132	J		133	P	134	S	135	U		136	S	137	E	138	F		139	W	140	A	141	V		142	T	143	G	144	M			
145	R	146	V		147	U	148	J	149	P	150	S		151	J	152	M	153	R	154	T	155	A		156	F	157	A		158	B	159	C	160	e		
		161	P	162	Z	163	U		164	H	165	M	166	U	167	F	168	A	169	K	170	S	171	C		172	H	173	Q	174	G	175	V	176	M	177	W
		178	A	179	S	180	J		181	X	182	L	183	Y		184	M	185	R	186	D	187	F		188	V	189	H		190	L	191	C	192	V		
		193	R	194	L	195	W	196	C	197	X	198	A		199	T	200	B	201	M	202	N	203	Y		204	Y		205	M	206	N	207	Q	208	X	
209	F	210	V		211	B	212	Z	213	W		214	Y	215	M	216	H	217	S	218	Z		219	W	220	N	221	B									

A high-contrast, grainy black and white photograph of a brick wall. A window is set into the wall, and a person is visible looking out from inside. The image has a textured, almost abstract quality due to the high contrast and grain.

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good."

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